WIGWAM & FOREST

DEDICATED
TO THE
ORDER OF RED MEN.

Mrs L. Maynard
Montowese
Conn

Obw^r L. Maynard.

WIGWAM AND FOREST

A COLLECTION OF

Odes, Glees and Part-Songs, Arranged for Male Voices, with Marches, Etc.

DESIGNED FOR

TRIBAL, PUBLIC AND HOME USE.

COMPILED BY

THOMAS G. SHEPARD

AND

CHARLES BONNEY.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.:

PUBLISHED BY SHEPARD & BONNEY.

1888.

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· TO ·

THE · ORDER · OF · RED · MEN

THIS BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

GREAT COUNCIL OF CONNECTICUT,

OF THE

IMPROVED ORDER OF RED MEN.

WIGWAM OF THE GREAT PROPHET.

New Haven, Conn., 28th Sun, Hunting Moon, G. S. D. 396.
Common Era, December 28, 1887.

It is with pleasure that I commend this book to the Order and the public, not only because of its merit but also because I believe such a work is needed and will be useful as well as afford much entertainment.

Its compilers, Messrs. Thomas G. Shepard and Charles Bonney, are men of established musical reputation, and are well known as authors, editors and composers.

My personal acquaintance with Mr. Shepard has been continuous since 1859.

Such another collection of Indian songs and music does not exist to my knowledge, and it deserves to endure.

Sincerely,

HENRY L. HILL,
Past Sachem Hammonassett Tribe, No. 1,
Past Great Sachem of Connecticut, and
Great Representative Great Council U. S., 1887-8.

O. A. DORMAN,
PRINTER,
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

CHARLES M. GAY,
STEREOTYPER,
BOSTON, MASS.

PREFACE.

Far from feeling it necessary to offer an apology for issuing this book, the compilers believe it will instantly commend itself to favorable notice and general use among those for whom it was designed; but, upon the other hand, some explanations may be found useful — indeed, essential — in gaining an intelligent idea of its contents, so necessary to an entire appreciation of the work itself.

The book is the result of much care and labor, the one object having been to present a Collection, complete in all respects, and perfectly adapted to the musical needs of that large body to whom it is dedicated; and if among its numbers, some are recognized as old friends, masquerading in a new dress, it is hoped that they will not prove less interesting on that account.

The contents are classified as follows:

1. ODES to which a variety of settings have been given, most of them being familiar melodies.
2. GLEES of a light, popular character — some of them humorous, and all of them easily sung—adapted to the use of the few or many around the Council Fire, or on social occasions.
3. PART-SONGS of a high order of musical excellence, and adapted to the use of experienced singers in Quartette or Chorus.
4. MARCHES of varying character, which will be found convenient to have at hand for frequent use.

ALL THE VOCAL NUMBERS ARE ARRANGED FOR MALE VOICES. The melody of most of those designed for general use has been given to the Second Tenor (lower part on upper staff) believing that this plan renders them less fatiguing to the majority of singers than that of writing the melody high upon the staff which has usually been adopted in similar works.

In playing the vocal numbers the UPPER OR RIGHT HAND PARTS SHOULD ALWAYS BE PLAYED AN OCTAVE LOWER THAN THEY ARE WRITTEN.

While the claim is not made that the following pages comprise a faultless work, we venture to hope that the book may be the means of stimulating and encouraging larger and more general musical interest wherever it may be brought into use.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., 1888.

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ODES.

OPENING.

(FIRST SETTING.)

"Auld Lang Syne."

Melody in the 2d Tenor. See Preface.

1. Come broth-ers, let us one and all, In peace and Friendship sing,
That ev - ery Red Man's path may be, Free as the ea - gle's wing.
Sup - port - ed by our War-riors now, Our Sach-em read - y stands,
To hear what may be said, and do What-e'er the Tribe commands.

2 Then let each brother stand prepared,
His efforts now to aid,
And when the Council Fire is lit,
Let none the Tribe degrade,
Then let each brother stand prepared,
His efforts now to aid,
And when the Council Fire is lit,
Let none the Tribe degrade.

(SECOND SETTING.)

Melody in the 2d Tenor. Music by R. S. WILLIS.

1. Come brothers let us one and all, In peace and Friendship sing,
That ev - ery Red Man's path may be, Free as the ea - gle's wing,
Sup-port - ed by our war-riors now, Our Sach-em read - y stands,
To hear what may be said, and do What-e'er the Tribe com-mands.

2 Then let each brother stand prepared,
His efforts now to aid,
And when the Council Fire is lit,
Let none the Tribe degrade,
Then let each brother stand prepared,
His efforts now to aid,
And when the Council Fire is lit,
Let none the Tribe degrade.

ADOPTION.

(FIRST SETTING.)

Melody in the 2d Tenor. Arr. from HEROLD.

1. Broth - er, wel - come, hear our greet - ing, You are made a

Red Man now; Hand to hand with broth - ers meet - ing,

Wel - come here while time is fleet - ing, At the Wigwam's

shrine to bow, At the Wig - wam's shrine to bow.

2 From the Red Man's heart is flowing,
Virtue, Harmony and Peace,
Is your mind with Friendship glowing,
Freedom in your pathway showing?
Brothers' love shall never cease.

ADOPTION.

(SECOND SETTING.)

Melody in the 2d Tenor.

ANON.

1. Broth - er, wel - come, hear our greet - ing, You are made a Red Man now; Hand to hand with broth - ers meet - ing, Hand to hand with broth-ers meet - ing, Wel -come here while time is fleet - ing, At the Wig - wam's shrine to bow.

2 From the Red Man's heart is flowing,
Virtue, Harmony and Peace,
‖: Is your mind with Friendship glowing, :‖
Freedom in your pathway showing?
Brothers' love shall never cease.

EXALTATION.

(FIRST SETTING.)

Melody in the 2d Tenor. "*Marching along.*"

The chief is ex-alt - ed, in triumph has won, On the pathway of Freedom (may it

still guide him on) The spellword of Friendship in which we u - nite, For

deeds of true Chari - ty, Jus- tice and Right, Then hail to the chieftain ex-

- alt - ed be he Be his heart ev - er no-ble, ev-er gen'rous and free, Re -

sponsive to woe When in pi - ty it pleads And in mercy extending the solace it needs.

EXALTATION.

(SECOND SETTING.)

Melody in the 2d Tenor. *"Old Oaken Bucket."*

The chief is ex- alt-ed, in triumph has won, On the pathway of Freedom (may it

still guide him on) The spellword of Friendship in which we u - nite, For

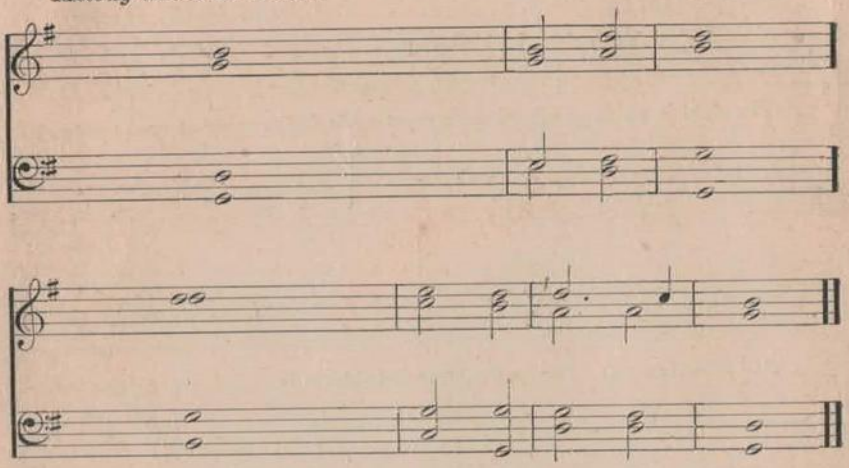
deeds of true Char - i - ty, Jus-tice and Right, Then hail to the chieftain ex-

- alt -ed be he, Be his heart ev - er no - ble, e'er gen'rous and free, Re -

sponsive to woe, When in pity it pleads, And in mercy extending the solace it needs.

INCANTATION.

Melody in the 2d Tenor. FARRANT.



1. Oh Thou Great Spirit, bless every heart sincere, in | Freedom's | cause || Bless our paternal band in Friendship may it stand. Extend it through the land by | Thy Al- | mighty | power.

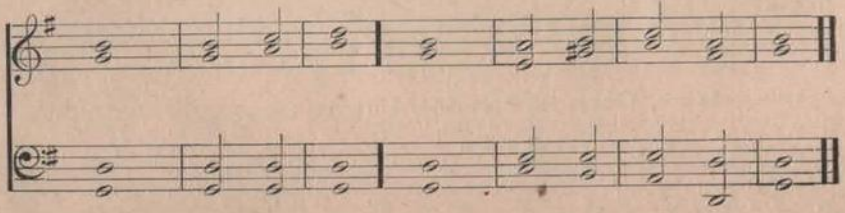
2. Oh let Thy sacred | fire de- | scend || Inspire our brother's heart with Truth, Sincerity, Benevolence and Charity, the sacred majesty, of | every | Red Man's | love.

3. Him, in mercy, move to succor | the dis- | tressed || And from the orphan's eye the tear remove, the | widow's | heart to | soothe,

4. And calm afflictions sigh, in our Fra- | ternal | band || Thus may he ever stand, a | chief both | firm and | true.

No. 2.

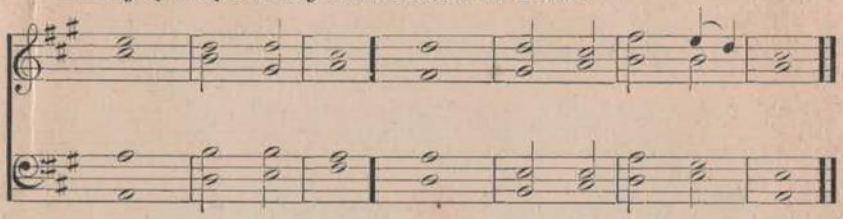
Melody in the 1st Tenor. DOWNES.



No. 3.

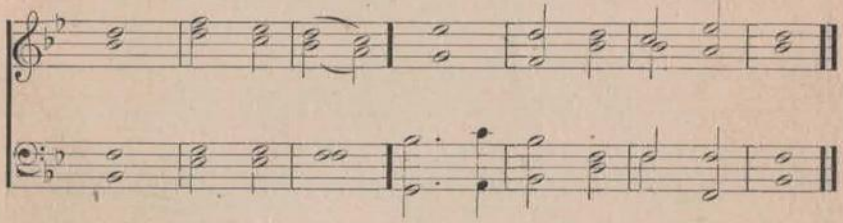
TURTON.

Melody of the following chants in the 2d Tenor.



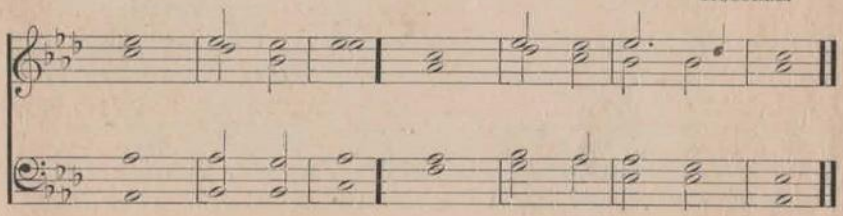
No. 4.

SMITH.



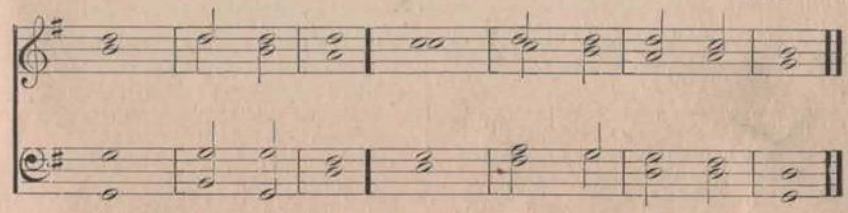
No. 5.

RUSSELL.



No. 6.

ANON.



These chants will be found adapted to general purposes.

VISITATION.

(FIRST SETTING.)

Melody in the 2d Tenor. *"Greenville."*

1. Wel - come! wel-come! to our wigwam, Hon - or'd, brave and
2. Wel - come! thrice we hail you welcome! In the home where

no - ble chiefs! Wel - come! wel - come! to our wig - wam,
Let true Free - dom in our coun - cil
Red Men meet; Here no foes can mar our u - nion
Hon - or'd chiefs, then join in con - cert

Fine.

Spread with deer skins and with leaves, Smoke the Pipe of
In the hearts of all be found.
Here dwells Free - dom, Friend - ship sweet, Here the fire of
Sing the song of Har - mo - ny.

D.C.

Peace and Friendship, Let it pass to all a - round.
Love is kin - dled, Here's the home of Char - i - ty.

The above to be sung by the Tribe only—and the two verses following by all.

3 Brothers, let us all remember,
Freedom—Friendship—Charity,
Is our guide while here in Council,
And when on the hunt must be
Then will all the Pale Face nation,
Learn our principles of Love,
And will to our forests hasten,
That they may our Friendship prove.

4 May the light of all our Councils,
Show through all the nations round,
That the Red Men are all brothers
Where true Charity is found,
Sing to Freedom—sing to Friendship
Sing to fervent Charity,
Till we go to the GREAT SPIRIT,
To his GROVE OF PURITY.

(SECOND SETTING.)

Melody in the 2d Tenor.

1. Wel - come! wel-come! to our wig - wam, Hon - or'd, brave and no - ble chiefs! } Smoke the Pipe of Peace and Friend-ship,
Wel - come! wel-come! to our wig - wam, Spread with deer skins and with leaves, }
2. Wel - come! thrice we hail you wel - come! In the home where Red Men meet; } Here the fire of Love is kin - dled,
Here no foes can mar our u - nion, Here dwells Free - dom, Friend - ship sweet, }

Let it pass to all a - round, Let true Free - dom in our coun - cil, In the hearts of all be found.
Here's the home of Char - i - ty, Hon - or'd chiefs, then join in con - cert, Sing the song of Har - mo - ny.

The above to be sung by the Tribe only—and the two verses following by all.

3 Brothers, let us all remember,
Freedom—Friendship—Charity,
Is our guide while here in Council,
And when on the hunt must be;
Then will all the Pale Face nation,
Learn our principles of Love,
And will to our forests hasten,
That they may our Friendship prove.

4 May the light of all our Councils,
Show through all the nations round,
That the Red Men are all brothers
Where true Charity is found;
Sing to Freedom—sing to Friendship
Sing to fervent Charity,
Till we go to the GREAT SPIRIT,
To his GROVE OF PURITY.

INSTALLATION.

(FIRST SETTING.)

Melody in the 2d Tenor.

1. Broth - ers join in joy - ful cho - rus, Rise and hail our migh - ty chiefs, Sing the song of in - stall - a - tion, And con - grat - u - late our na - tion, Long may live..... our no - ble chiefs.

2 Brothers, know the Red Men's motto:
Freedom, Friendship, Charity,
These must govern in our order,
From the centre to the border
Then we all shall happy be.

(SECOND SETTING.)

Melody in the 2d Tenor. "*Clarion.*"

1. Broth - ers join in joy - ful cho - rus, Rise and hail our

migh - ty chiefs, Sing the song of in - stall - a - tion,

And con - grat - u - late our na - tion, Long may live our

no - ble chiefs. Long may live our no - ble chiefs.

2 Brothers, know the Red Men's motto:
Freedom, Friendship, Charity,
These must govern in our order,
From the centre to the border
Then we all shall happy be.

DEDICATION.

Melody in the 2d Tenor. "*Duke Street.*"

1. Great Spir - it! bless the song we raise, And guide us

on with lov - ing hand, Shed heav'n-ly light on

our dark ways, Still bless and keep thy chos - en band.

2 Now as within these walls confined,
Our Council Fire its light shall shed;
So may Fraternal Love us bind,
And through our hearts and lives be spread.

3 Freedom and Friendship—Charity
Then rule in undivided sway;
Oh teach our hearts to learn of Thee
'Till setting Sun shall end Life's day.

"As unto the bow the cord is
So unto the man is woman, * * *
Useless each without the other."

Mixed voices. C. B.

1. Praised in song and famed in sto-ry, Lustrous deeds can nev-er fade,
Sing to-night the end-less glo-ry, Of the peer-less In-dian maid;
High-est impulse, dan-ger scorning, Crown'd her with un-dy-ing fame,
Brighter far than gems a-dorn-ing—Sing we Poc-a-hon-tas' name.

2 Woman's strength can ne'er be measured,
In the cause of Truth and Right,
Loving words as weapons treasured,
Fly like arrows glancing bright;
Let us ever high aims cherish,
Purest Love is Friendship's guide;
Bid each thought unworthy perish,
Let true Friendship e'er abide.

Melody in the 2d Tenor. "*Naomi.*"

1. Far o'er the mys - tic wa - ters dim, Our

Broth - er's bark has gone, While Light Su - per - nal

guid - eth him, Our path is dark and lone.

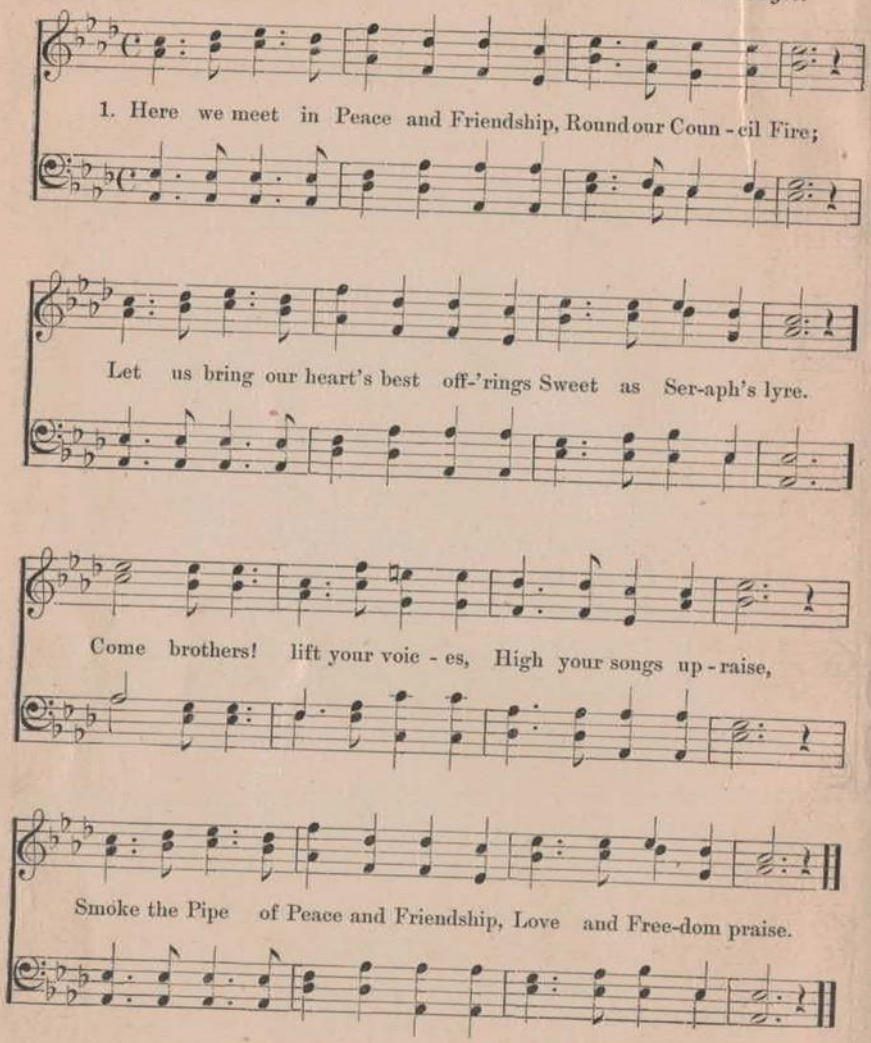
2 From shadows deep his light canoe
Has gained the blessed shore,
Of the Great Spirit's hunting grounds,
At rest forevermore.

3 Great Spirit, guide us safely hence
To Council Fires above,
In Happy Hunting Grounds—Blest home
Of Freedom, Friendship, Love.

GLEES.

FRIENDSHIP.

Melody in the 2d Tenor. "*Annie Lyle.*"



2 Brothers, let us ever cherish
Freedom, Friendship, Love;
Till we meet in Heavenly Forests,
Throned and crowned above.
Come, brothers! etc.

GODFREY MARKS.

SOLO.

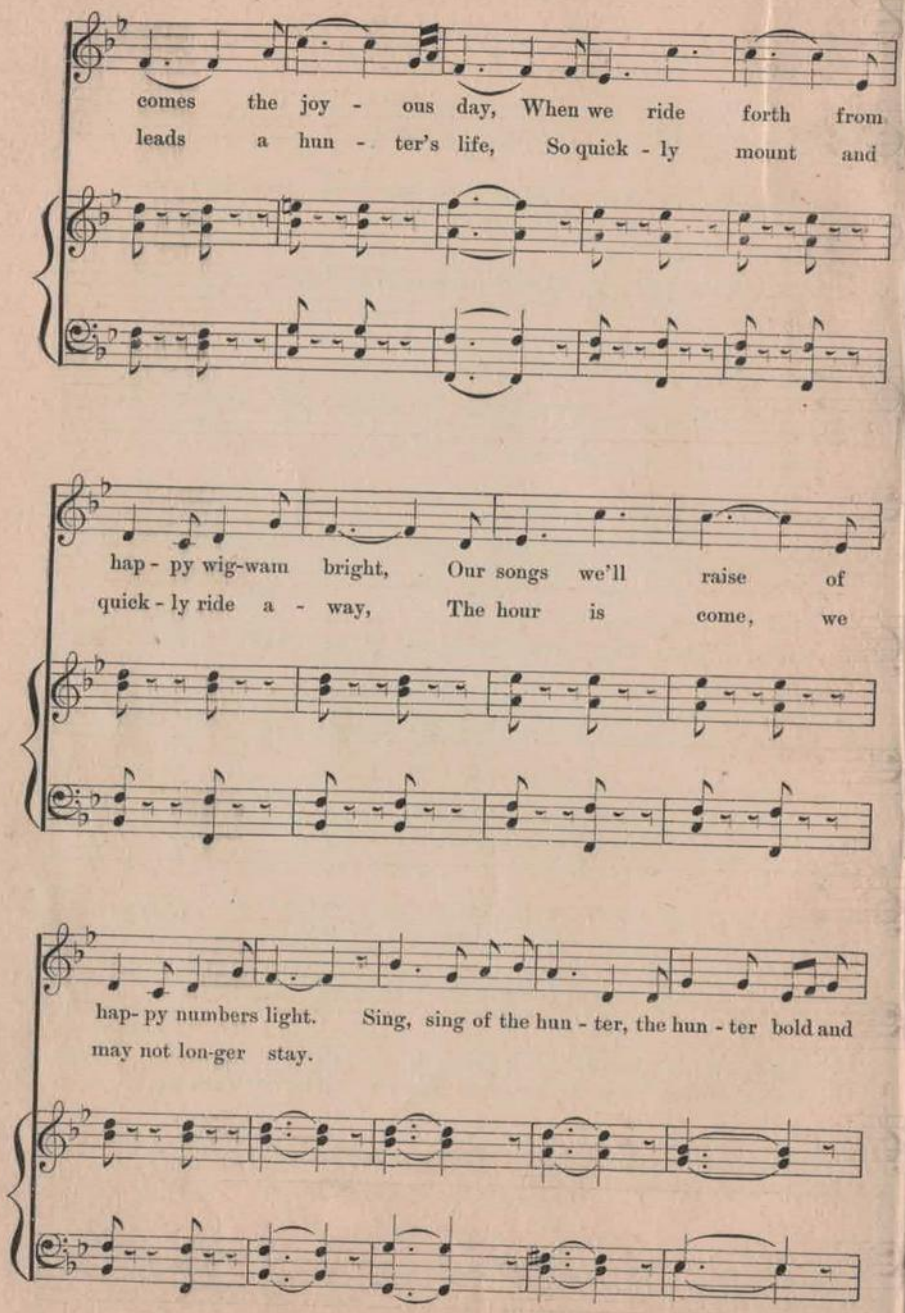
1. Up! up!.... my boys and let's a -
2. The hun - ter's lot is free from

CHORUS.

La la la, &c.

way, The morn - ing sun is ris - ing high, The
strife, The sun shines bright - ly on the lea, No

plain is broad, the sky is clear, And on - ward
hearts are tru - er, lives more brave, Than he.... who


comes the joy - ous day, When we ride forth from
leads a hun - ter's life, So quick - ly mount and
hap - py wig-wam bright, Our songs we'll raise of
quick - ly ride a - way, The hour is come, we
hap- py numbers light. Sing, sing of the hun - ter, the hun - ter bold and
may not lon-ger stay.

free Who no dan - ger ev - er shuns but longs to be....

Melody in the 2d Tenor.

Roam - ing, roam - ing o - ver the bound - less plain, And

ma-ny a sun must come and go, Ere we come home a - gain,

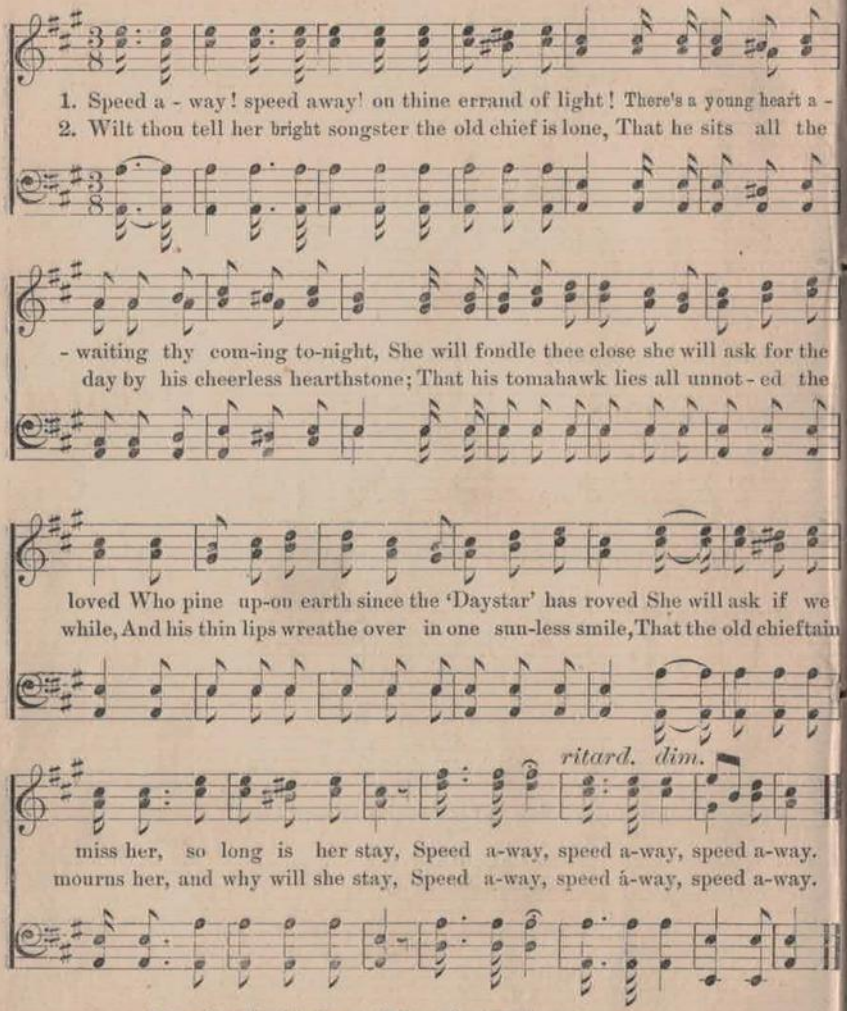
Roam - ing, roam - ing o - ver the bound - less plain, And

ma - ny a sun must come and go, Ere we come home a - gain.

SPEED AWAY! SPEED AWAY!

I. B. WOODBURY.

Among the superstitions of the Senecas, is one which for its singular beauty, is already well known; when a maiden dies, they imprison a young bird until it first begins to try its powers of song, and then, loading it with kisses and caresses, they loose its bonds over her grave, in the belief that it will not fold its wings, nor close its eyes, until it has flown to the spirit land, and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost. "It is not unfrequent," says the Indian historian, "to see twenty or thirty birds loosened at once, over one grave."



3 And oh! wilt thou tell her blest bird on the wing,
That her mother hath ever a sad song to sing,
That she standeth alone, in the still quiet night,
And her fond heart goes forth for the being of light
Who had slept in her bosom, but who would not stay,
Speed away! speed away! speed away!

4 Go bird of the silver-wing! fetterless now,
Stoop not thy bright pinions on yon mountain's brow,
But hie the away o'er rock, river, and glen,
And find our young "Daystar" ere night close again,
Up! onward! let nothing thy mission delay,
Speed away! speed away! speed away!

SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

JOHANNA KINKEL.

p Andante. *p poco rit.*

1. How can I bear to leave thee, One part - ing kiss I give thee; And

crescendo e poco accel. al *f* *Tempo 1o.* *p*

then what e'er be - falls me, I go where hon - or calls me. Fare -

p tranquillo e molto espress. *f* *fz* *p* *pp*

- well, farewell, my own true love, fare-well, farewell my own true love.

p

2 Ne'er more may I behold thee,
Or to this heart enfold thee;
With spear and pennon glancing,
I see the foe advancing,
Farewell, farewell, &c.

3 I think of thee with longing,
Think thou, when tears are thronging,
That with my last faint sighing,
I'll whisper soft, while dying,
Farewell, farewell, &c.

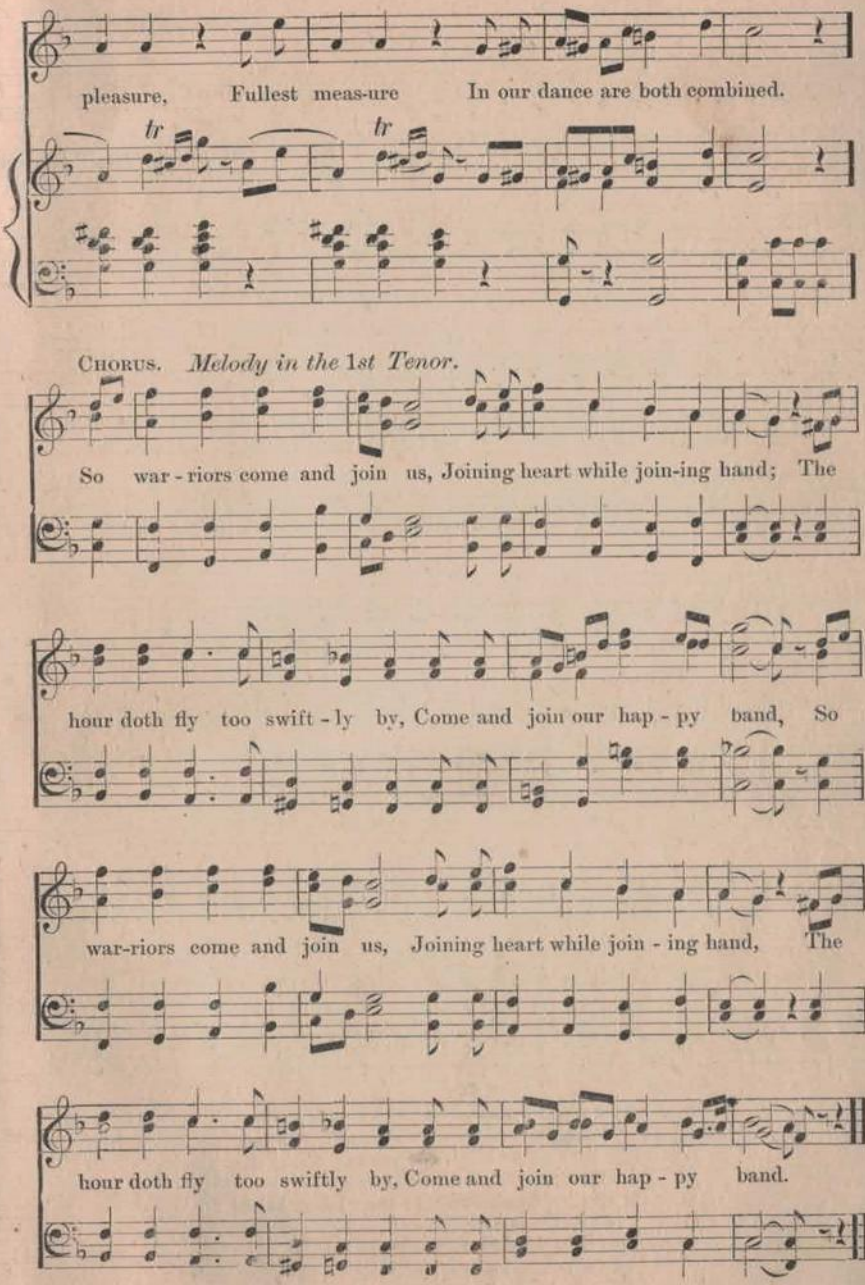
"*Erminie.*"

SOLO.

Join the "ma-zy," Don't be la - zy, 'Tis a ton - ic most sublime, Start your

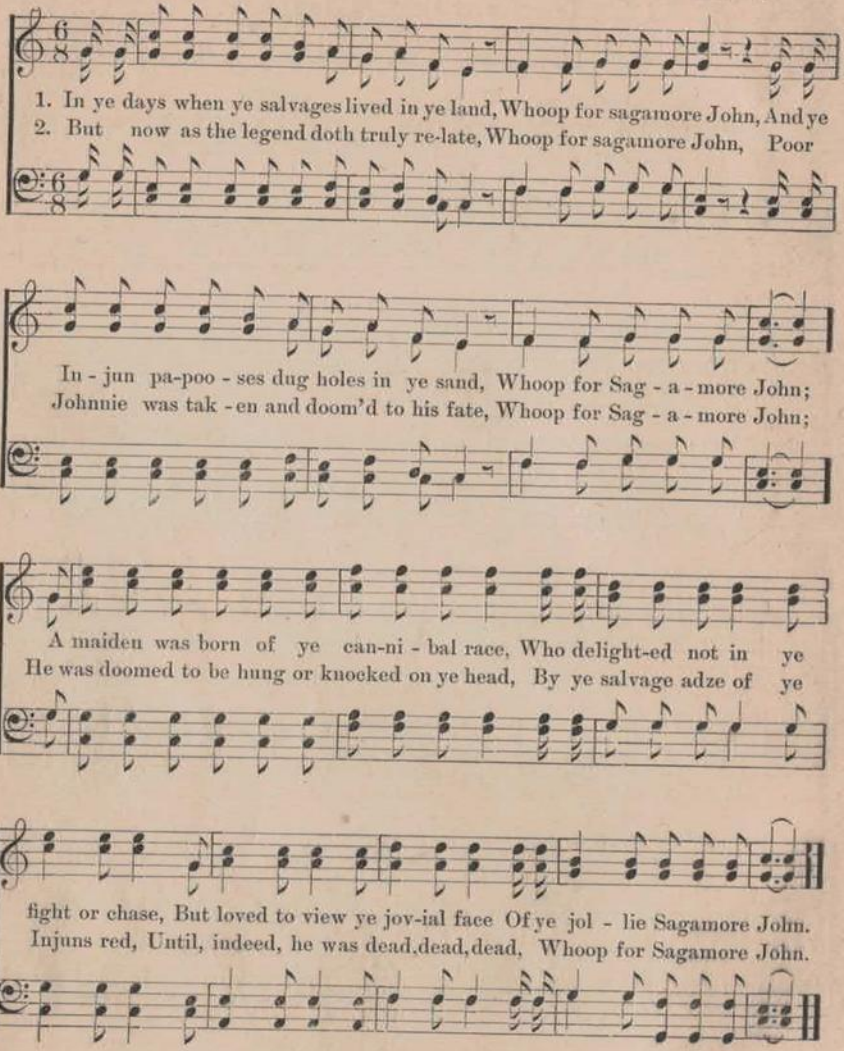
liv-er, Freedom give her, Join the dance and swell the line Of the

Red Men, Don't de-lay then, And you can't help feel-ing fine, Health and


pleasure, Fullest meas-ure In our dance are both combined.
tr
tr
CHORUS. Melody in the 1st Tenor.
So war - riors come and join us, Joining heart while join-ing hand; The
hour doth fly too swift - ly by, Come and join our hap - py band, So
war-riors come and join us, Joining heart while join - ing hand, The
hour doth fly too swiftly by, Come and join our hap - py band.

SAGAMORE JOHN.

Melody in the 1st Tenor. "*Vive l' Amour.*"



3 Now Pochohontas hearing ye vote,
Whoop for Sagamore John,
She took some birch barque and thereupon wrote,
Whoop for Sagamore John;
If you'll promise to give your heart to me,
You shall keep your head and go scot free,
And together we'll live right jollilee,
Whoop for Sagamore John.

BARITONE SOLO.

1. { Me sor-ry In - jun nottee muchee Wampum, 'Long comee Pale Face
He wantee Bear skin gi-vee little Wampum, But he wantee big piece of

SOLO.

Talkee, talk -ee much, } Me lik - ee pow - wow He lik - ee chow-chow,
every-thing he touch. { CHORUS.

Me lik - ee pow - wow He lik - ee chow-chow,

Me li - kee Wam - pum, no li - kee me, 'Long com - ee Pale Face

Me li - kee Wam - pum, no li - kee me, 'Long com - ee Pale Face

Talk-ee, talk-ee, Wampum, But he never 'give up' muchee, no, not he.

Talk-ee, talk-ee, Wampum, But he never 'give up' muchee, no, not he.

2 He makee Railroad far over prairie,
Say it helpee Injun, Injun thinkee tough,
'Long comee Uncle Sam *Heap* lovee Injun,
Makee Reservation and say "Hot Stuff,"

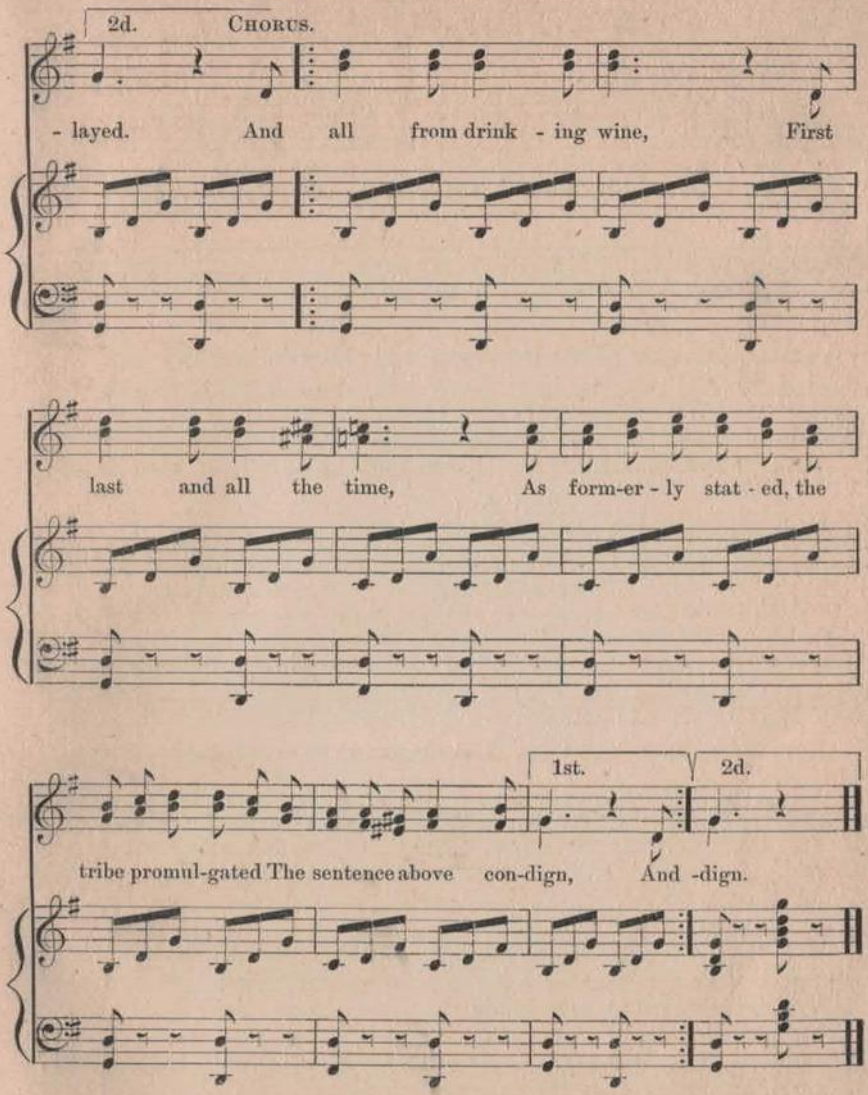
"Patience."

1. { A Brave long since gone hence, A
bills he nev - er paid, And

Dude in a cer - tain sense, Was tho't by his tribe al - to -
out all night he staid, And then told his moth-er that

- geth-er too "snide," And in consequence "fired out" thence, His
with a sick brother, In watching he'd been de -

1st.



2 Upon the promenade,
He always tried quite hard,
By cutting a dash, all the dear girls to [mash
As he skipped down the boulevard.
And yet in various ways
He tried "the wind to raise,"
He pawned all his pants, and then borrowed his aunts'—
In which no one his style could praise.
And all from drinking, &c.

3 Among his exploits pat
His hand at cards he'd "fat,"
By turning an ace in exactly the place,
Where 'twould win him the game he was at,
But most men love "fair play"
A "straight deal" every way
Too utterly *defty*—he got sadly *lefty*—
They "counted him out" one day.
And all from drinking, &c.

J. OFFENBACH.

Melody in the 2d Tenor.

1st.

1. We are a jol-ly tribe of Red Men tho' we seem Pale Faces all, We

We're loaded up, we're loaded up

2d.

- all. We're loaded up, we're load-ed up, we're loaded

We're loaded up, we're loaded up,

up for fight - ing tall, We're loaded up, we're loaded up, we're loaded

up, we're load-ed up, we're loaded up for fight - ing tall.

2 We are a jolly tribe of Red Men,
When we slap the War Paint on,
We yell "Kazoo—" and join the fun.

3 We are a jolly tribe of Red Men,
And we meet in Council Hall,
We smoke our pipes, sing one and all.

Melody in the 2d Tenor. *"Ten little Injuns."*

1. Big Head was a lit - tle In - jun, Big Head was a lit-tle In - jun,
2. Big Head tho' a lit - tle In - jun, Big Head tho' a lit-tle In - jun,

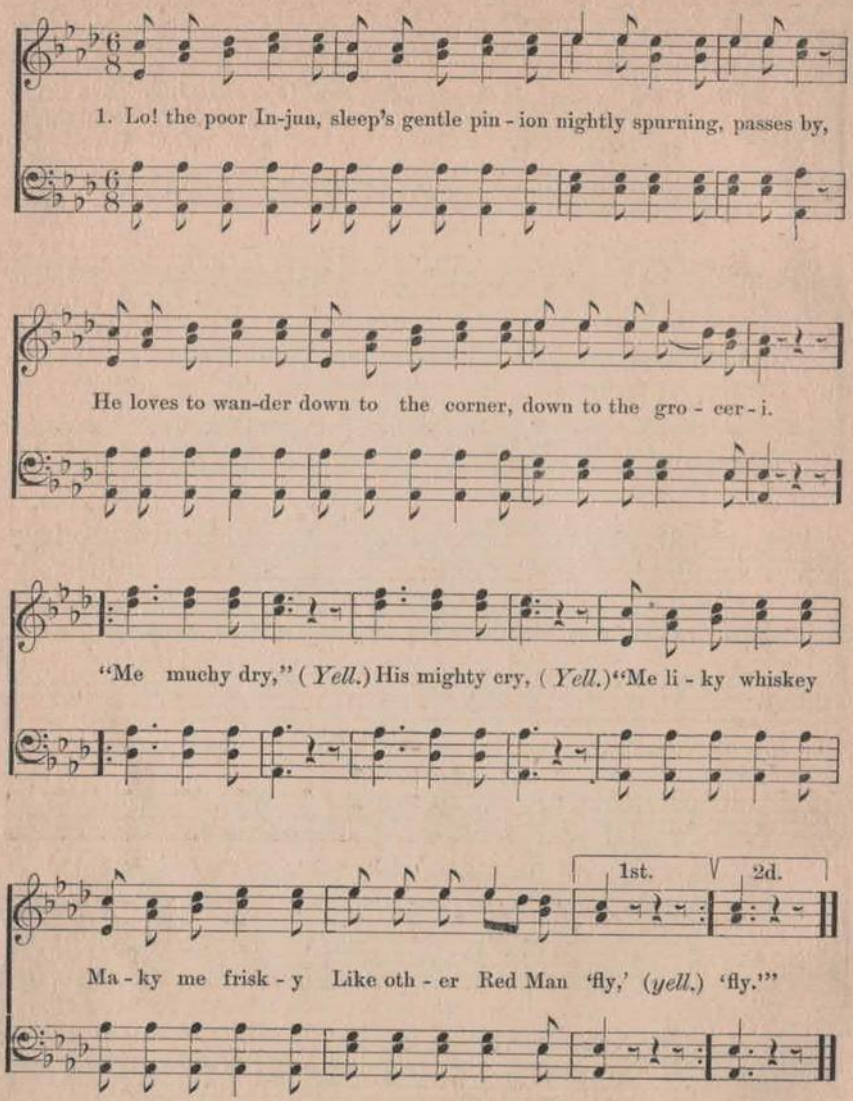
And like most all good lit - tle In - juns, Good lit-tle In - jun boys.
Thought his girl was one in a mil - lion So did all the boys.

{ One lit - tle, two lit - tle, three lit - tle In - juns, Four lit - tle
{ Ten lit - tle, nine lit - tle, eight lit - tle In - juns, Seven lit - tle

five lit - tle, six lit - tle In - juns, Seven lit - tle, eight lit - tle
six lit - tle, five lit - tle In - juns, Four lit - tle, three lit - tle

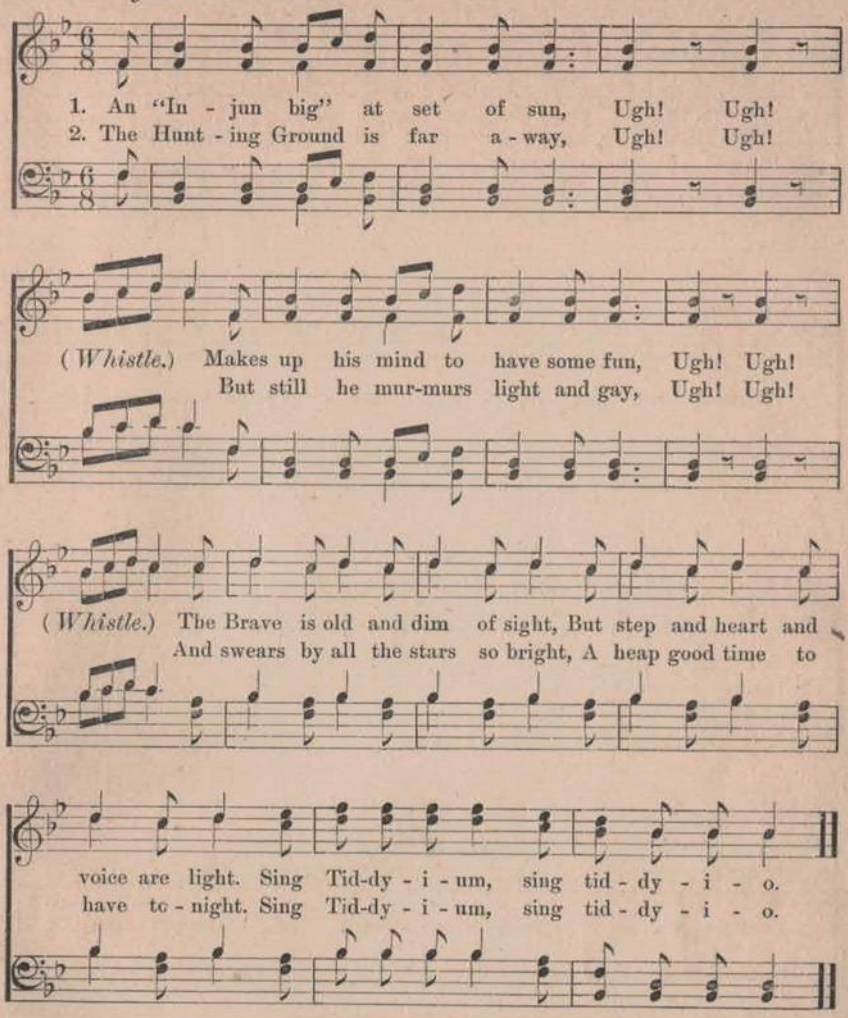
nine lit - tle In - juns, Ten lit - tle In - jun boys. }
two lit - tle In - juns, One lit - tle In - jun boy. }

Melody in the 2d Tenor.



2 So the poor Injun, spite of creation,
Often gets exceeding dry:
He loves to wander down to the corner,
Down to the grocer-i.—CHO.

Melody in the 1st Tenor.



3 His squaw he tells he may be late, Ugh! Ugh!
In coming home to rest his pate, Ugh! Ugh!
She sighs "I makee no complaints,
Tho' brilliant red the town he paints." Sing Tiddy etc.

4 For she was young and kitt'nish once, Ugh! Ugh!
Tho' now she's old and seldom grunts, Ugh! Ugh!
Full well she knows no age can tire
The Red Man's burning heart of fire. Sing Tiddy etc.

ONWARD.

FLEMING.

1. On - ward, still on - ward! Be our watchword ev - er,

Heed not the tri - als, Ev - 'ry path sur-round - ing,

Joy's crown is wait - ing Ev - 'ry true en-

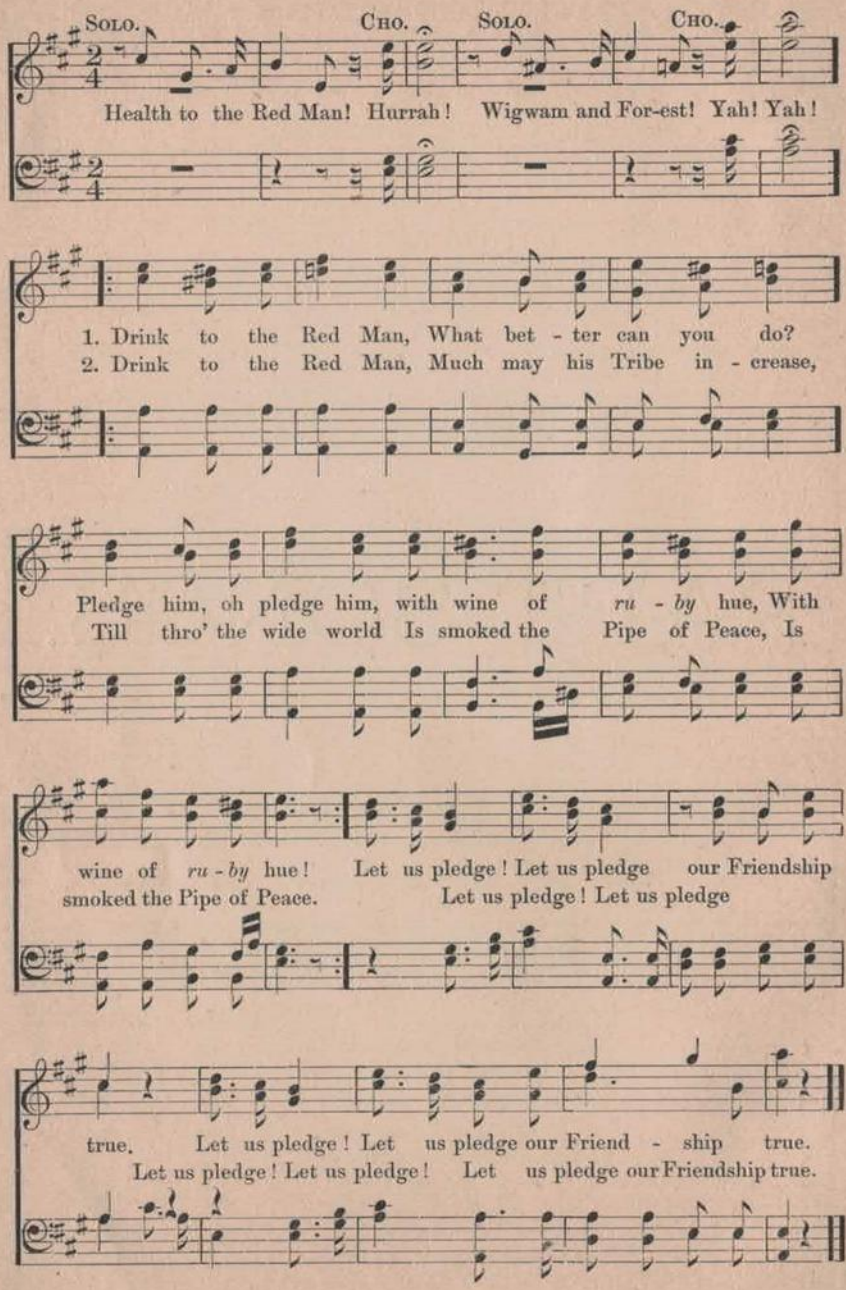
- deav - or, Press on - ward to the goal.

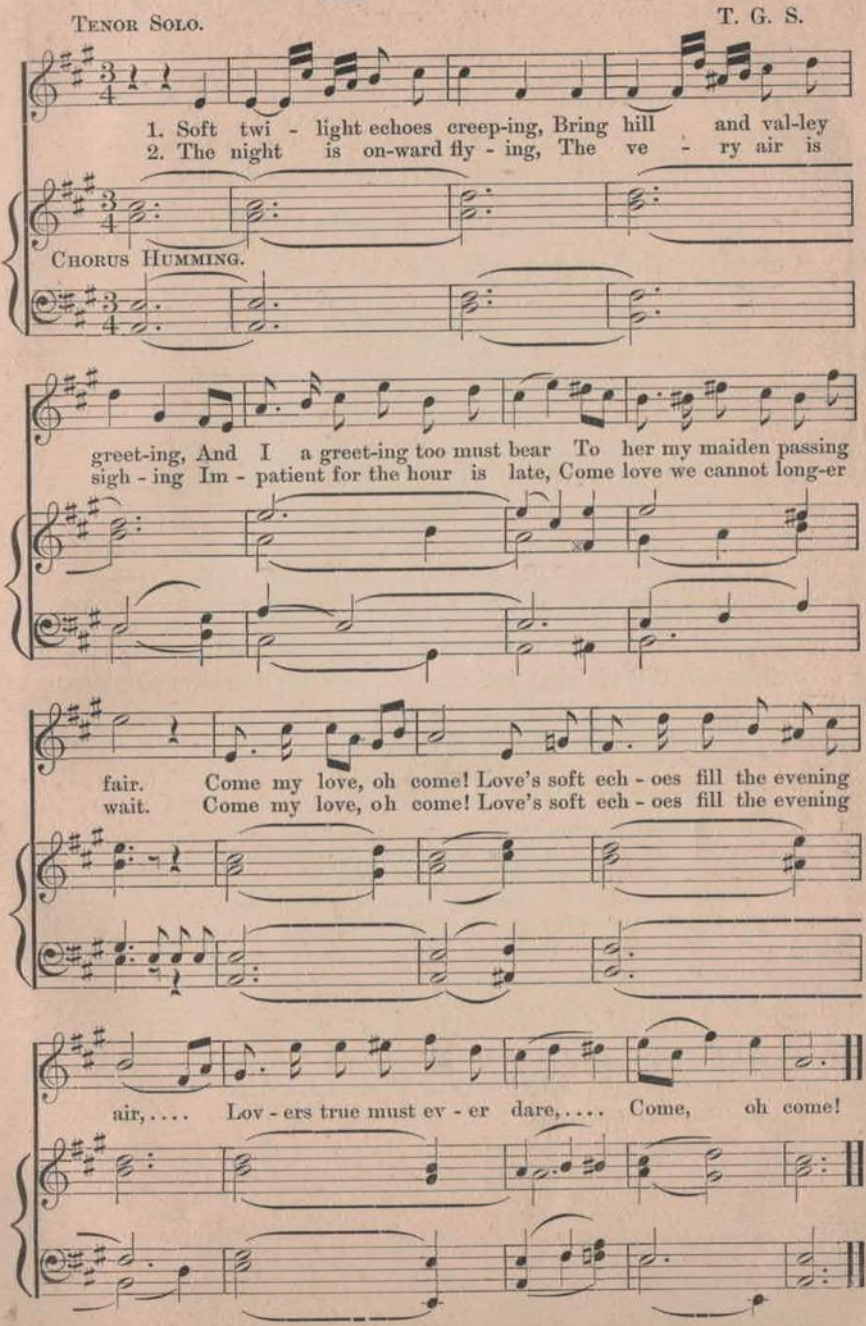
2 Onward, still onward!
Let our small aims perish,
Ever like brothers
Close and firm united
Freedom and friendship,
Let us ever cherish,
Press onward to the goal.

PART-SONGS.

TOAST—"HOW!"

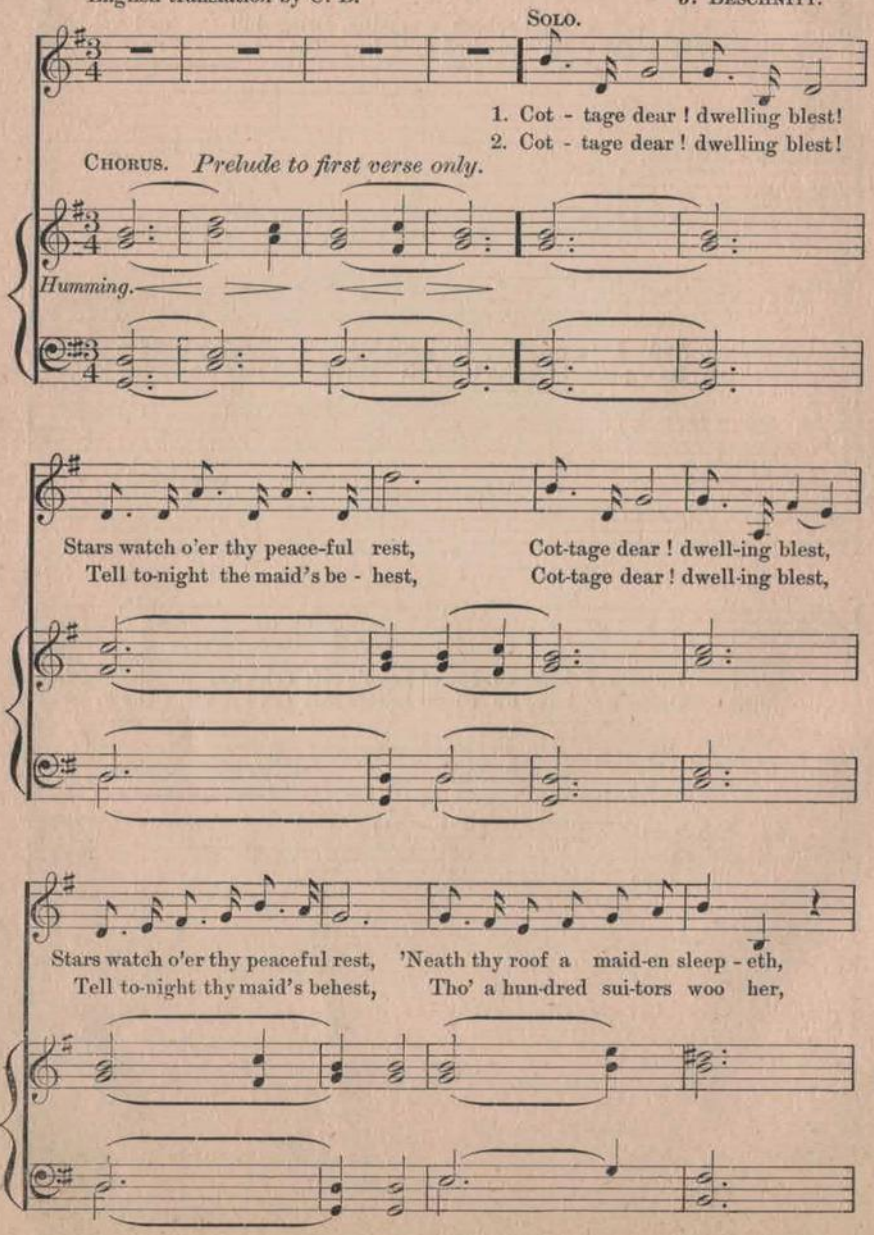
ZOLLNER.

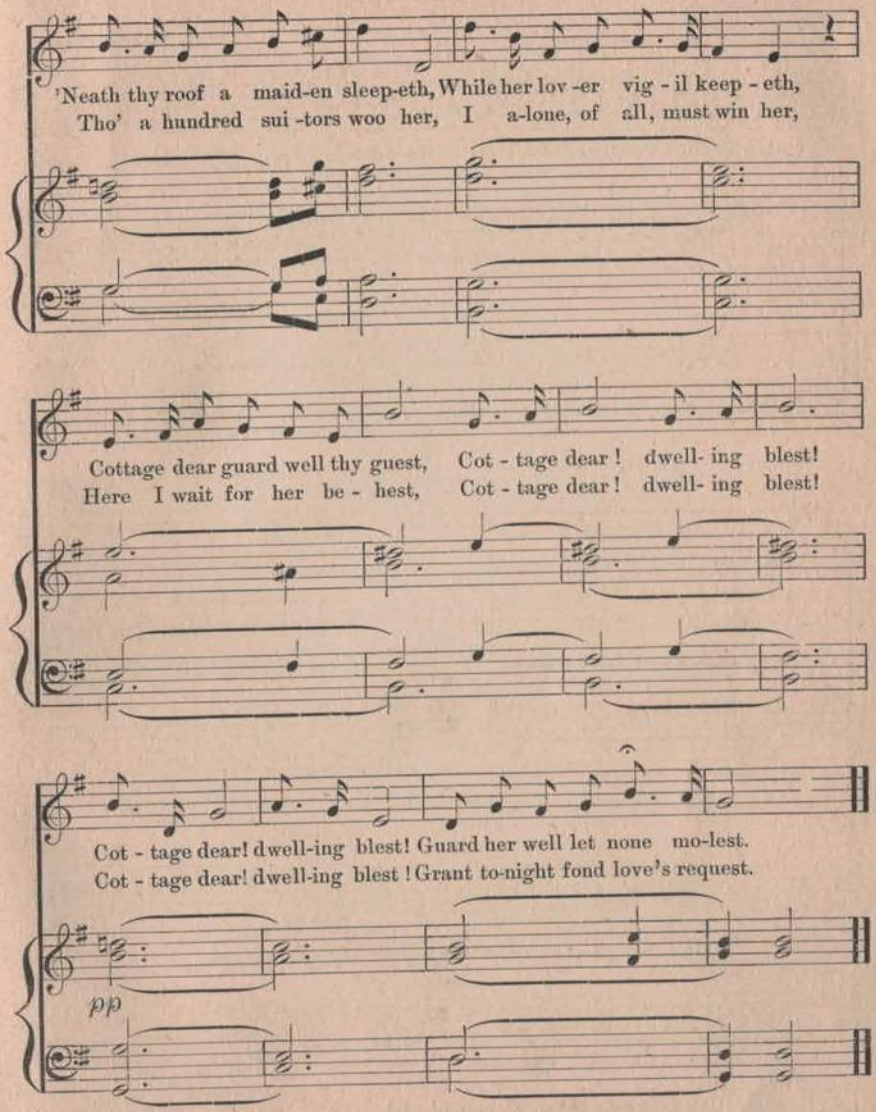



Tenor Solo.
T. G. S.
1. Soft twi - light echoes creep-ing, Bring hill and val-ley
2. The night is on-ward fly - ing, The ve - ry air is
Chorus Humming.
greet-ing, And I a greet-ing too must bear To her my maiden passing
sigh - ing Im - patient for the hour is late, Come love we cannot long-er
fair. Come my love, oh come! Love's soft ech - oes fill the evening
wait. Come my love, oh come! Love's soft ech - oes fill the evening
air, ... Lov - ers true must ev - er dare, ... Come, oh come!

HÜTTELEIN.

English translation by C. B. J. Beschnitt.





1 ‖:Hüttelein, still und klein,
Blinke sanft in Sternenschein:‖
‖:Weisst du auch was du verschliessest:‖
Wenn du es dir stehlen liessest,
Könnt ich nimmer gut dir sein,
Hüttelein, Hüttelein,
Hüttelein schliess dich fein,
Lass mir keinen Dieb hinein.

2 ‖:Hüttelein, still und klein,
Sprich was meint dein Mägdelein:‖
‖:Ob es Hundert auch begehrten:‖
Kannst du doch nur Einem werden,
Ach! wer soll der Eine sein,
Hüttelein, Hüttelein,
Hüttelein, schliess dich fein,
Kann ich nicht der Eine sein.

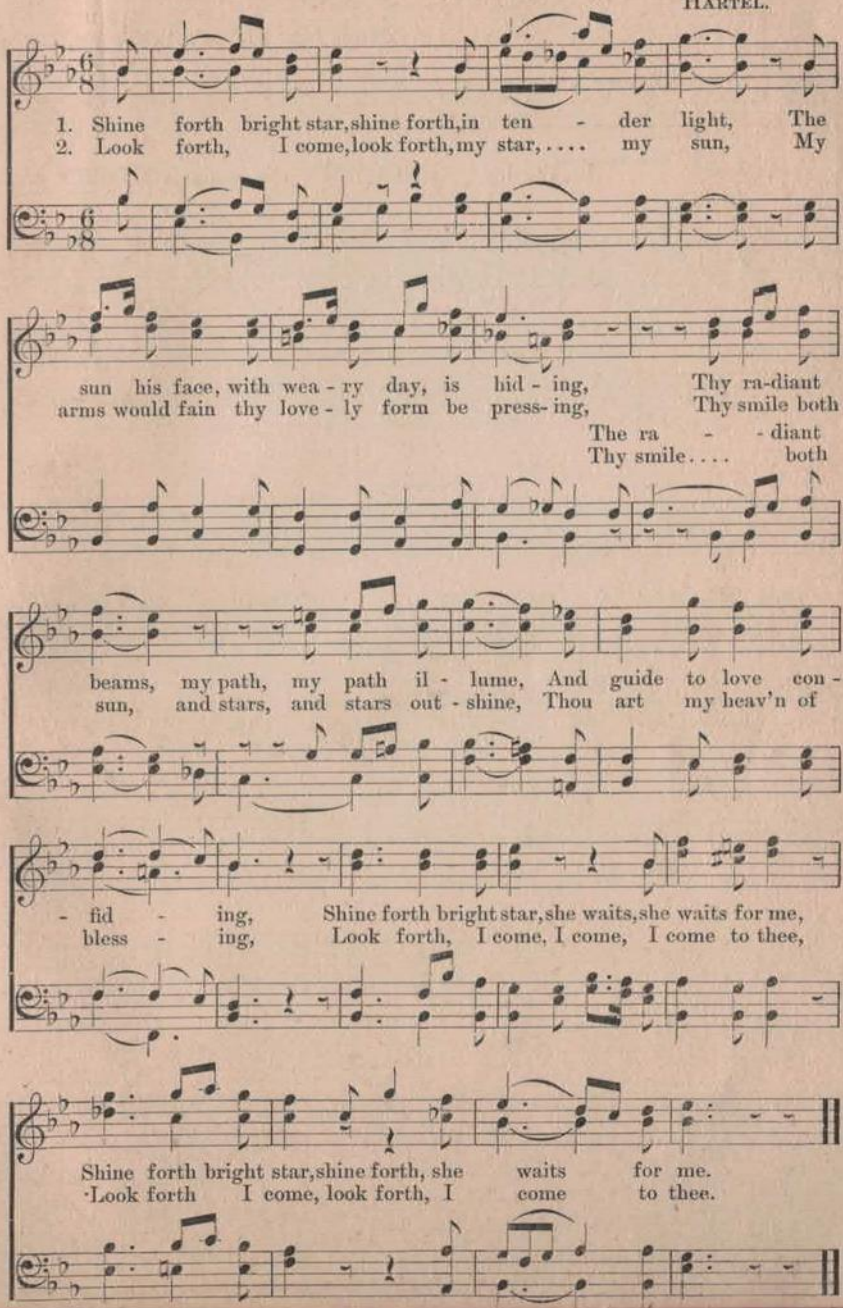
SWEET AND LOW.

J. Barnby.

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west-ern sea, Low, low,
breathe and blow, Wind of the west-ern sea, O-ver the roll-ing
wa-ters go, Come from the dy-ing moon and blow, Blow him a-gain to
Come from the
me, While my lit-tle one, while my pret-ty one sleeps.....

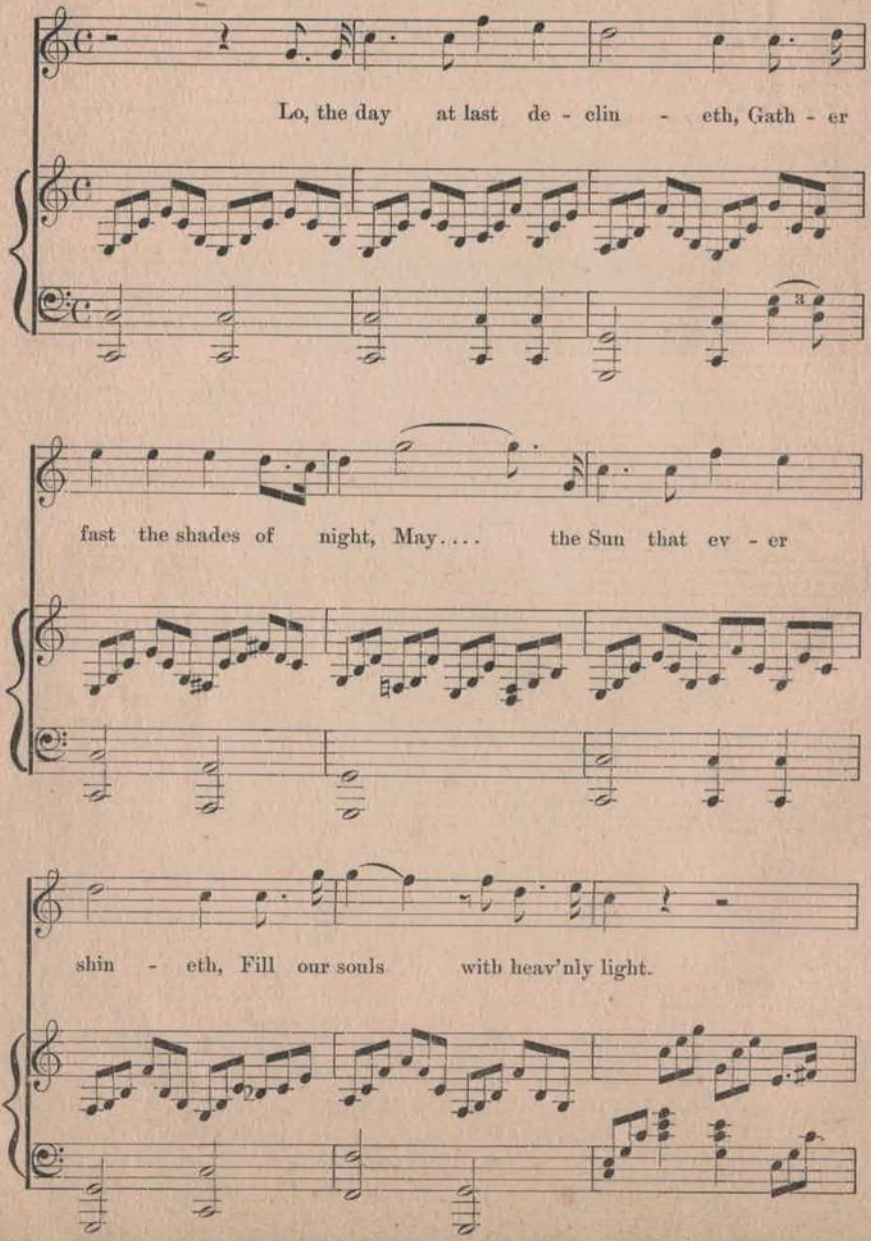
2 Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon,
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon,
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon,
Sleep, my little one, sleep my pretty one, sleep.

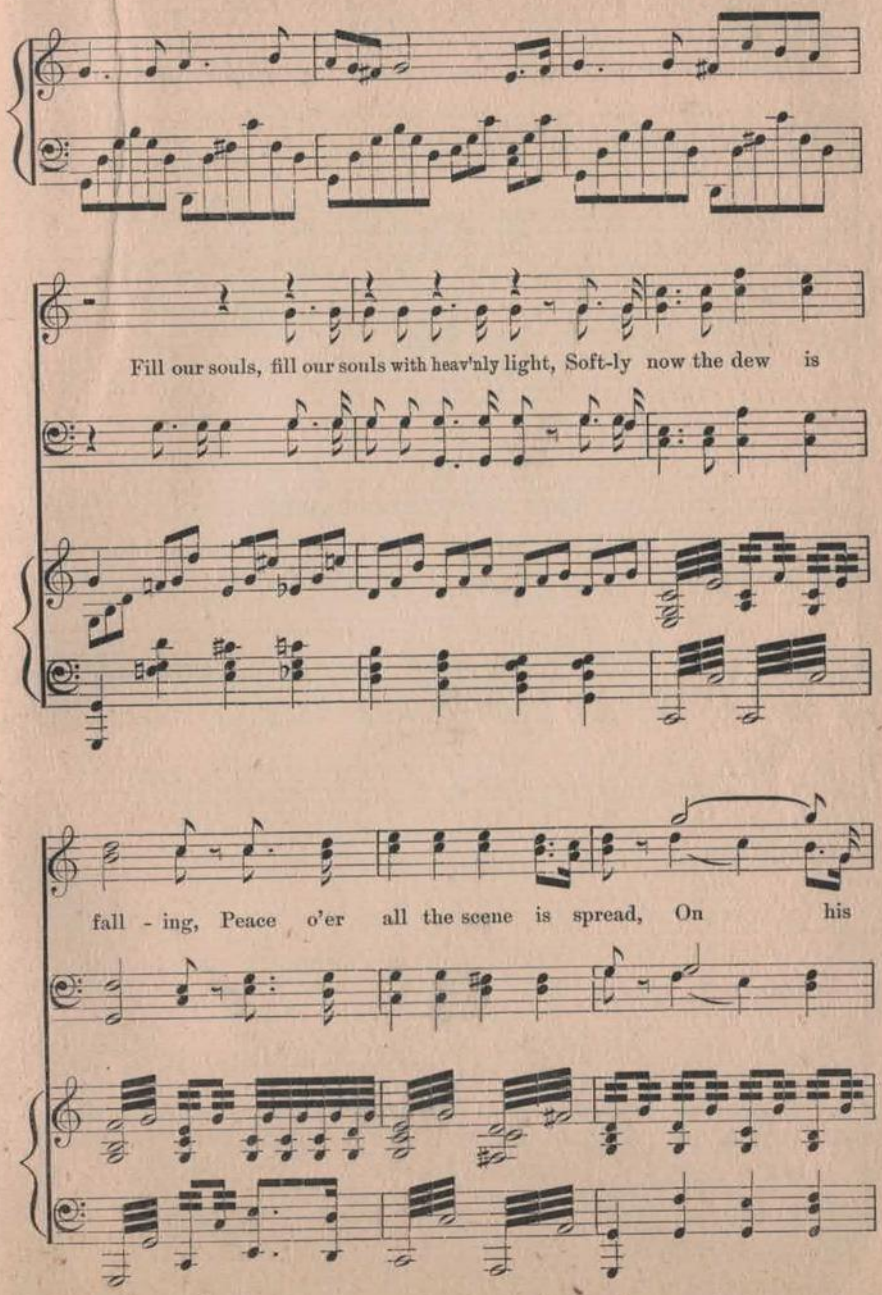
HARTEL.

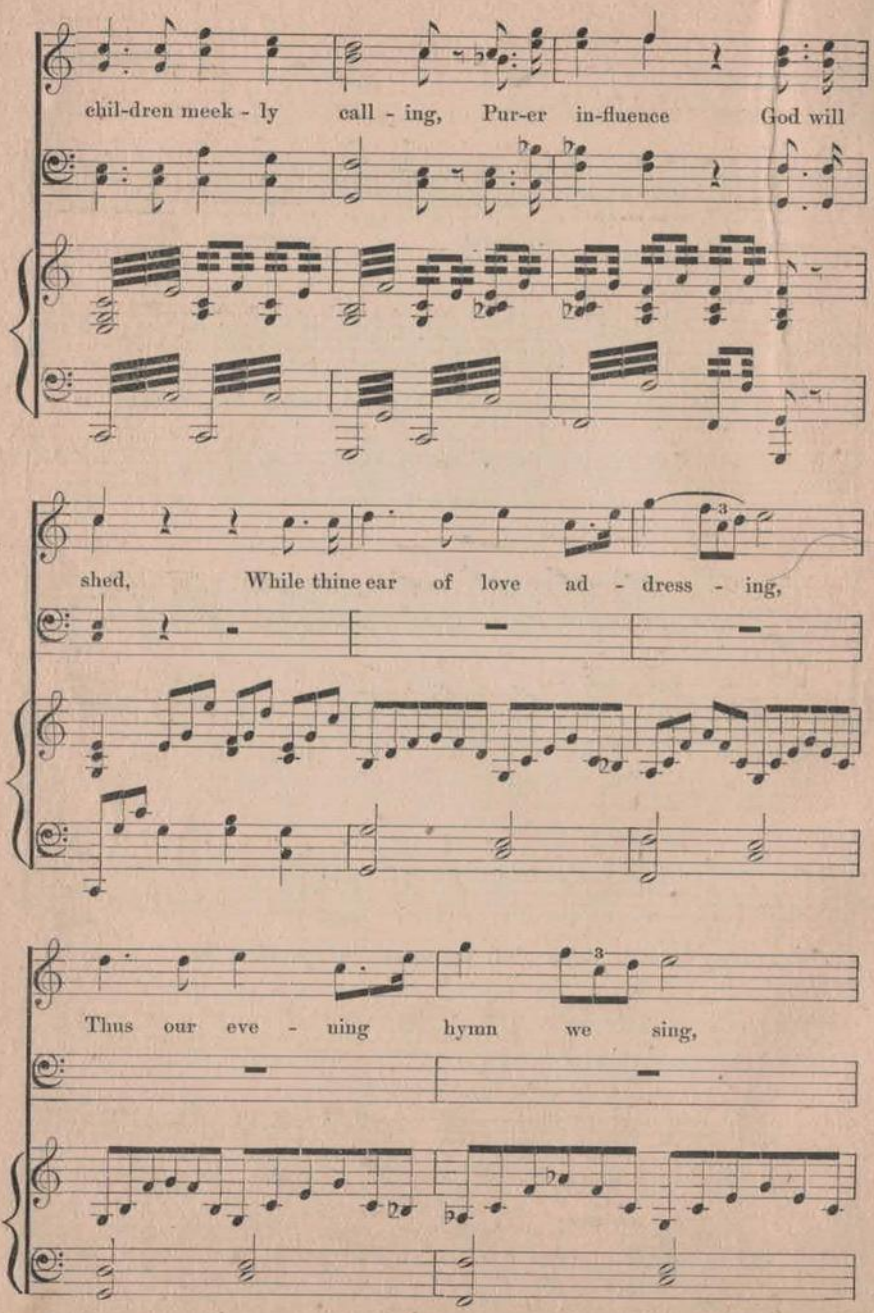

1. Shine forth bright star, shine forth, in ten - der light, The
2. Look forth, I come, look forth, my star, ... my sun, My
sun his face, with wea - ry day, is hid - ing, Thy ra-diant
arms would fain thy love - ly form be press- ing, Thy smile both
The ra - - diant
Thy smile.... both
beams, my path, my path il - lume, And guide to love con -
sun, and stars, and stars out - shine, Thou art my heav'n of
- fid - ing, Shine forth bright star, she waits, she waits for me,
bless - ing, Look forth, I come, I come, I come to thee,
Shine forth bright star, shine forth, she waits for me.
Look forth I come, look forth, I come to thee.

EVENING HYMN.

Music from Flotow's "*Martha.*"




Fill our souls, fill our souls with heav'nly light, Soft-ly now the dew is
fall - ing, Peace o'er all the scene is spread, On his


chil-dren meek - ly call - ing, Pur-er in-fluence God will
shed, While thine ear of love ad - dress - ing,
Thus our eve - ning hymn we sing,

Fa - ther, grant thy heav'n-ly bless - ing, Fold us safe, Fold us

safe, Fold us safe..... ... be - neath thy wing.

THE HUNTERS.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. Who on high thy head did raise, Forest fair, the mountains crowning? Glad in

heart thy beauty owning, we will sing thy Maker's praise.... ... glad in
glad in heart thy beauty

heart, we will sing thy Maker's praise, Fare thee well,
own - ing, Fare thee well,..... Fare thee

Fare thee well, Fare thee well Thou for - est
well,..... Fare thee well, Fare thee well,

fair, Fare thee well, Fare thee well thou for - est fair.
Fare thee well,

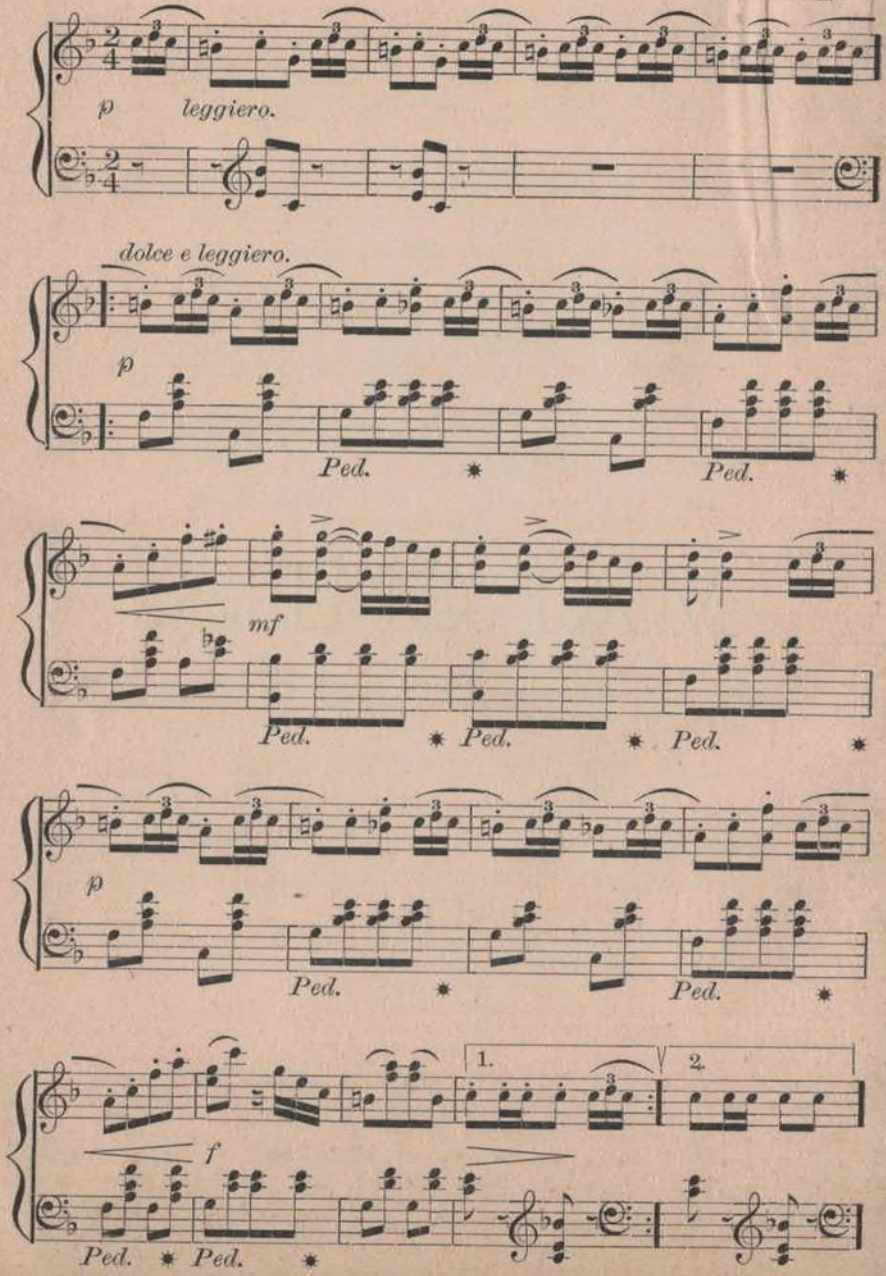
2 We must seek our homes below,
Leave the game in peace reposing,
Ere for us the chase is closing,
Once again our song we raise,
Once again our song we raise.
Fare thee well, etc.

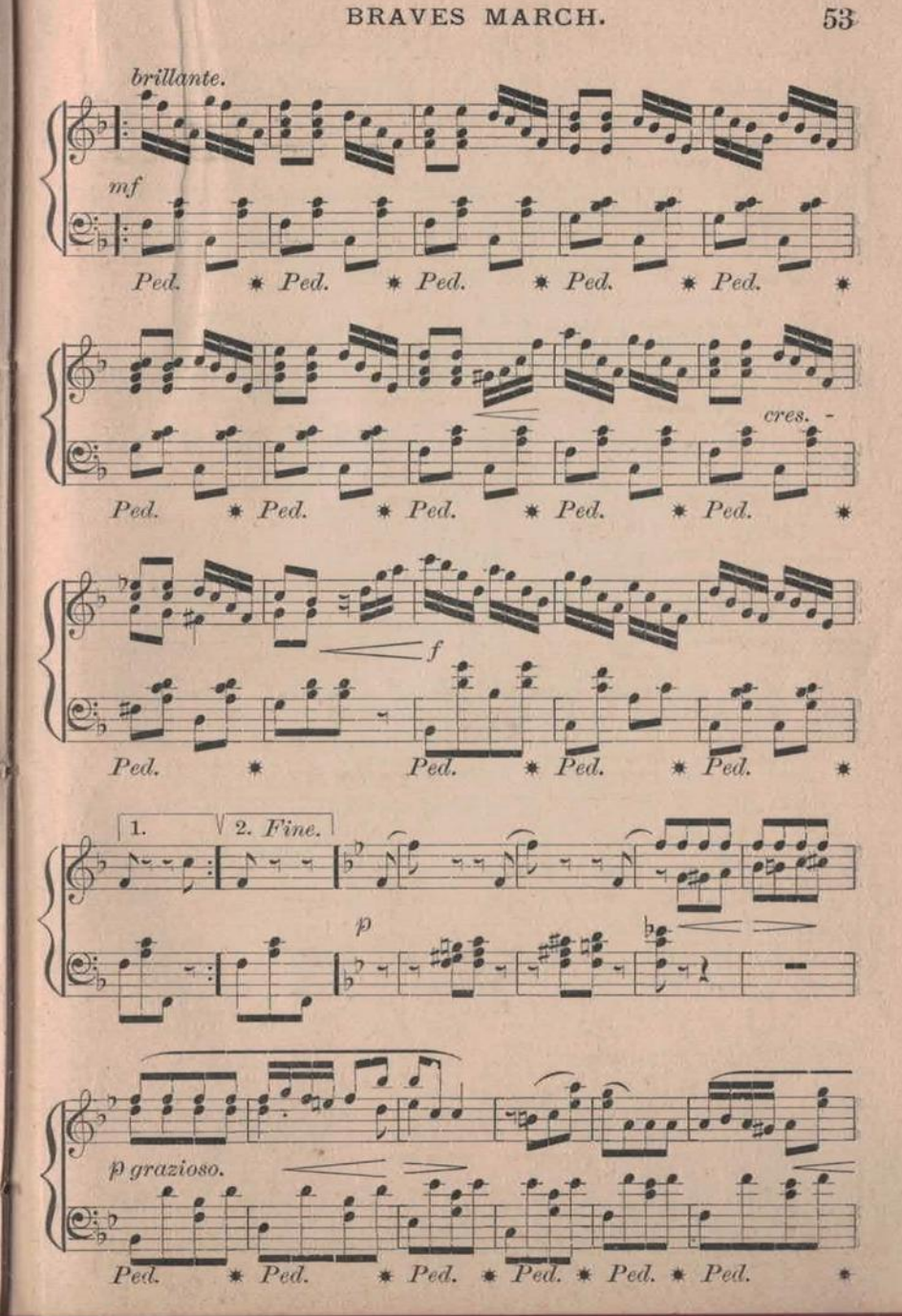
3 What within thy shades we swear,
In the distant world shall bind us,
True to thee all time shall find us,
Faithful hunters evermore,
Faithful hunters evermore.
Fare thee well, etc.

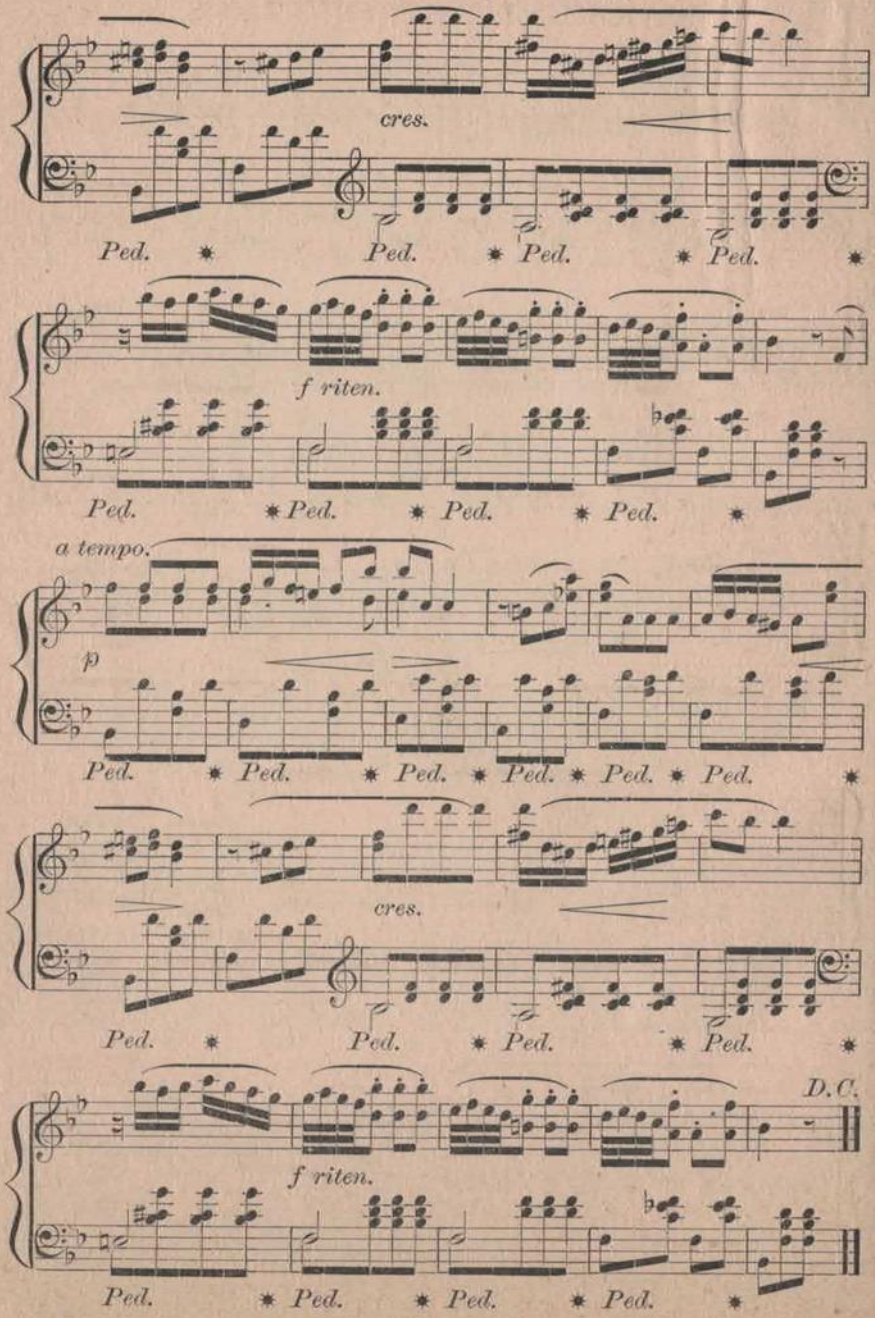
MARCHES.

BRAVES MARCH.

FRANZ BEHR.

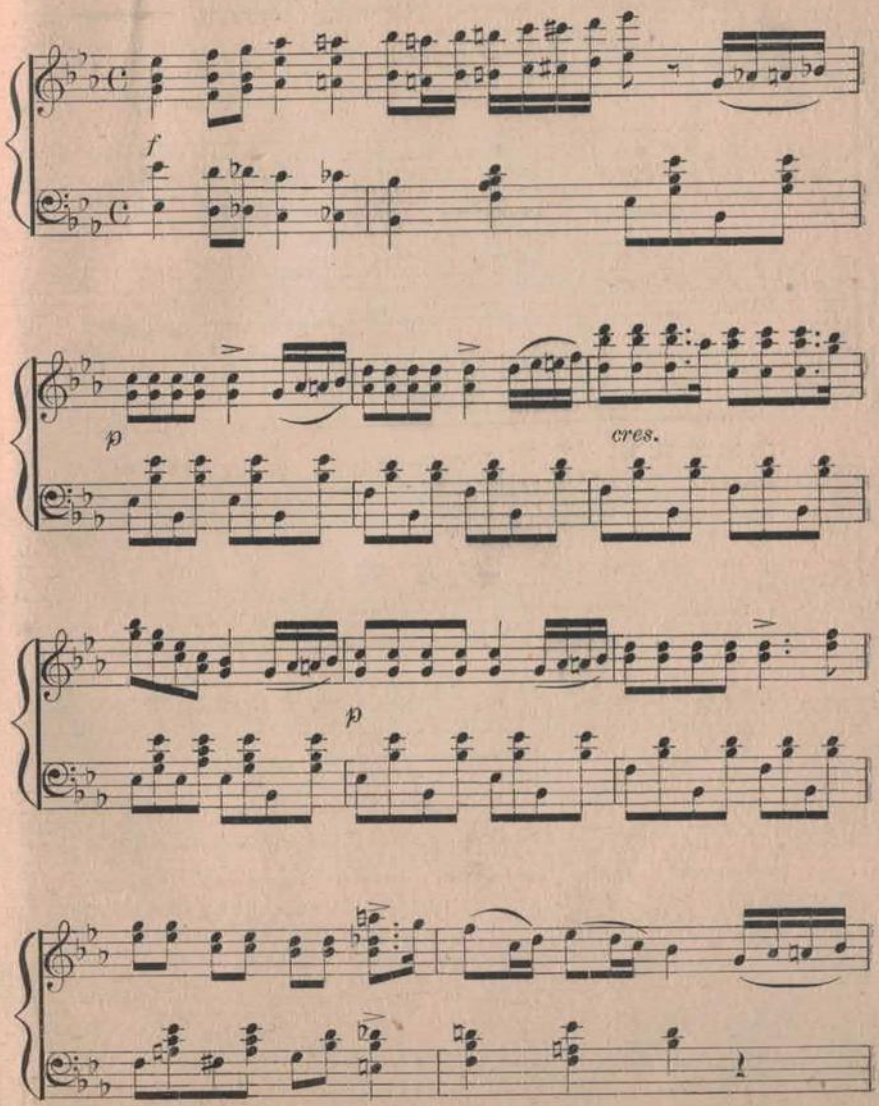



brillante.
mf
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
cres.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
f
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
1.
2. Fine.
p
p grazioso.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

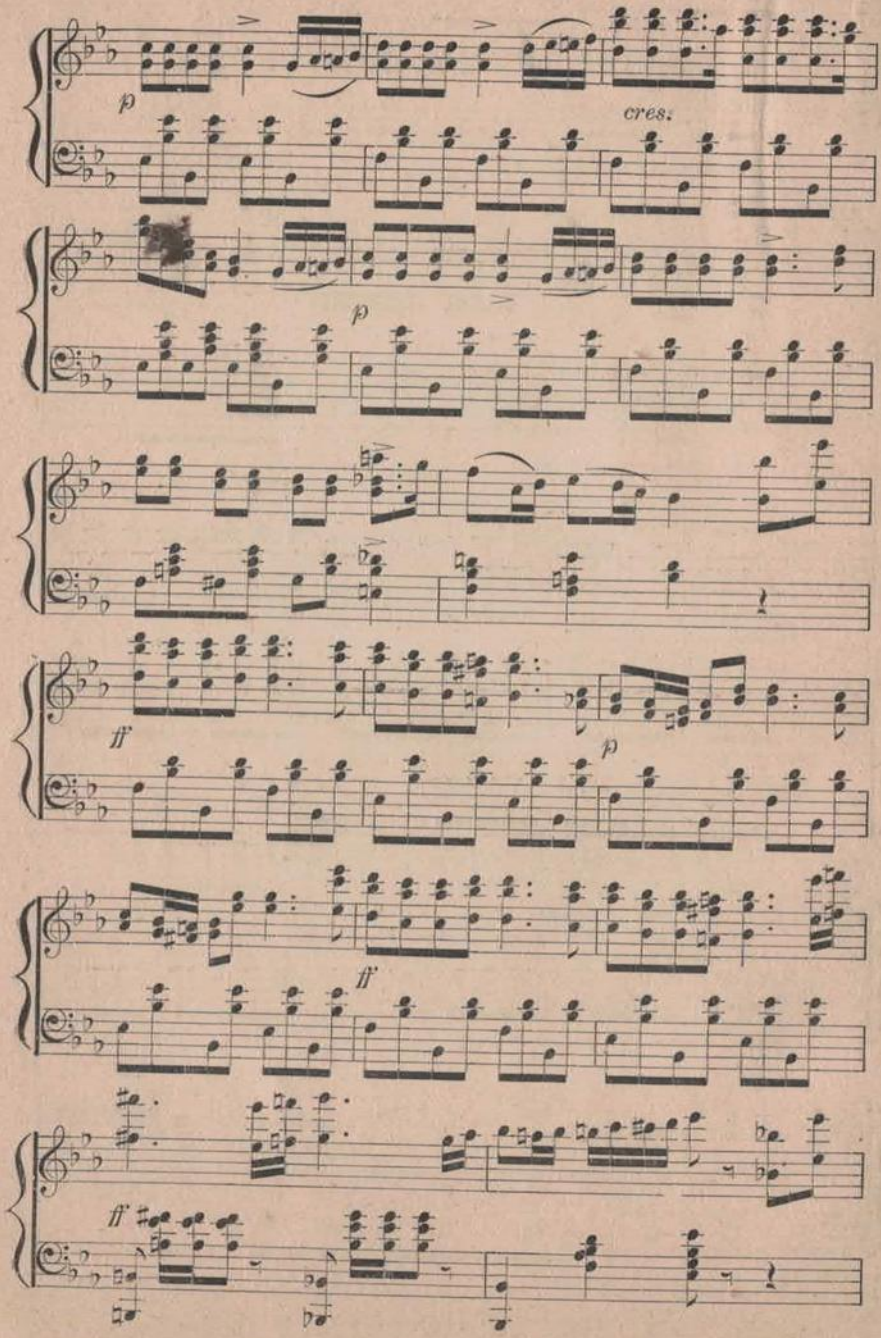

cres.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
f riten.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
a tempo.
p
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
cres.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
D.C.
f riten.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

MARCH OF THE HUNTERS.

From the "American Line March." By Fred T. Baker.



By permission of F. A. North & Co.


p
cres:
p
ff
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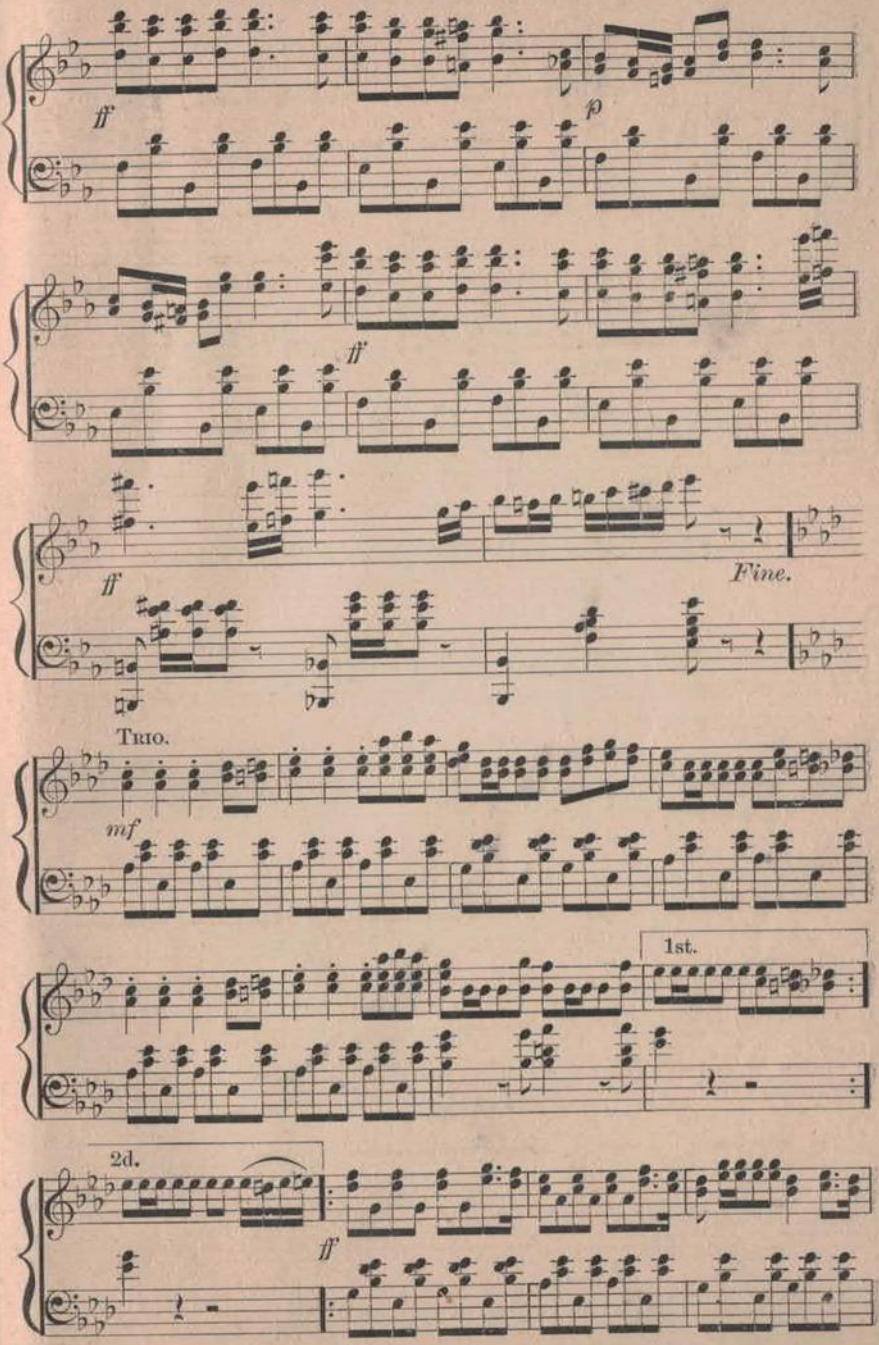
ff
p
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Fine.
Trio.
mf
1st.
2d.
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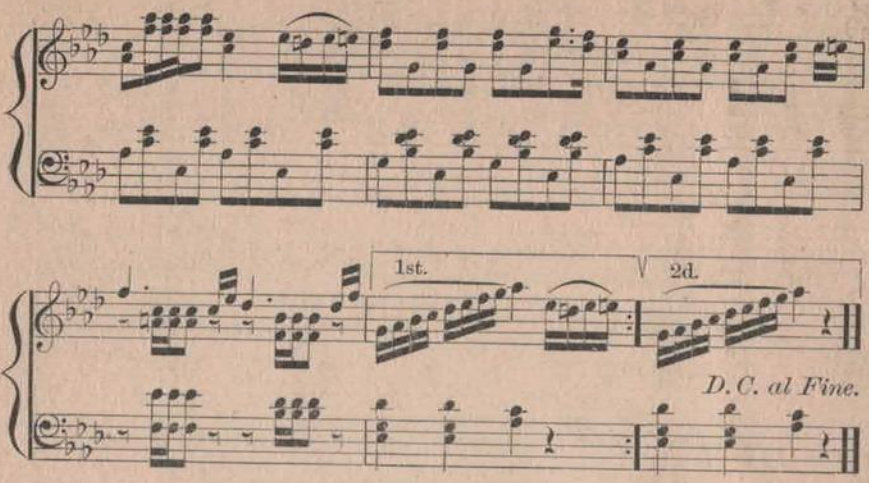
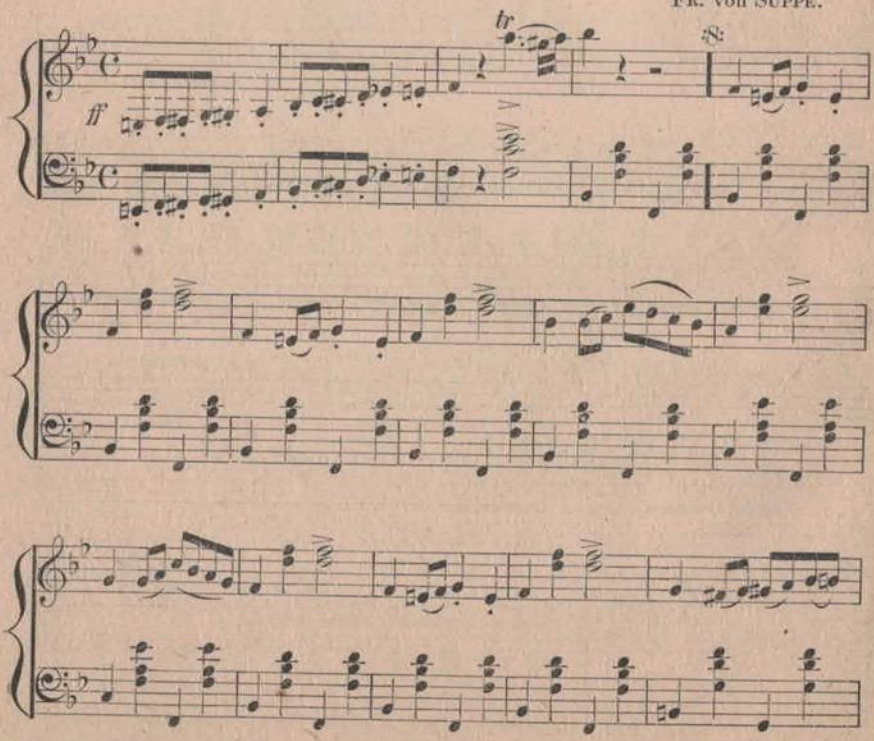
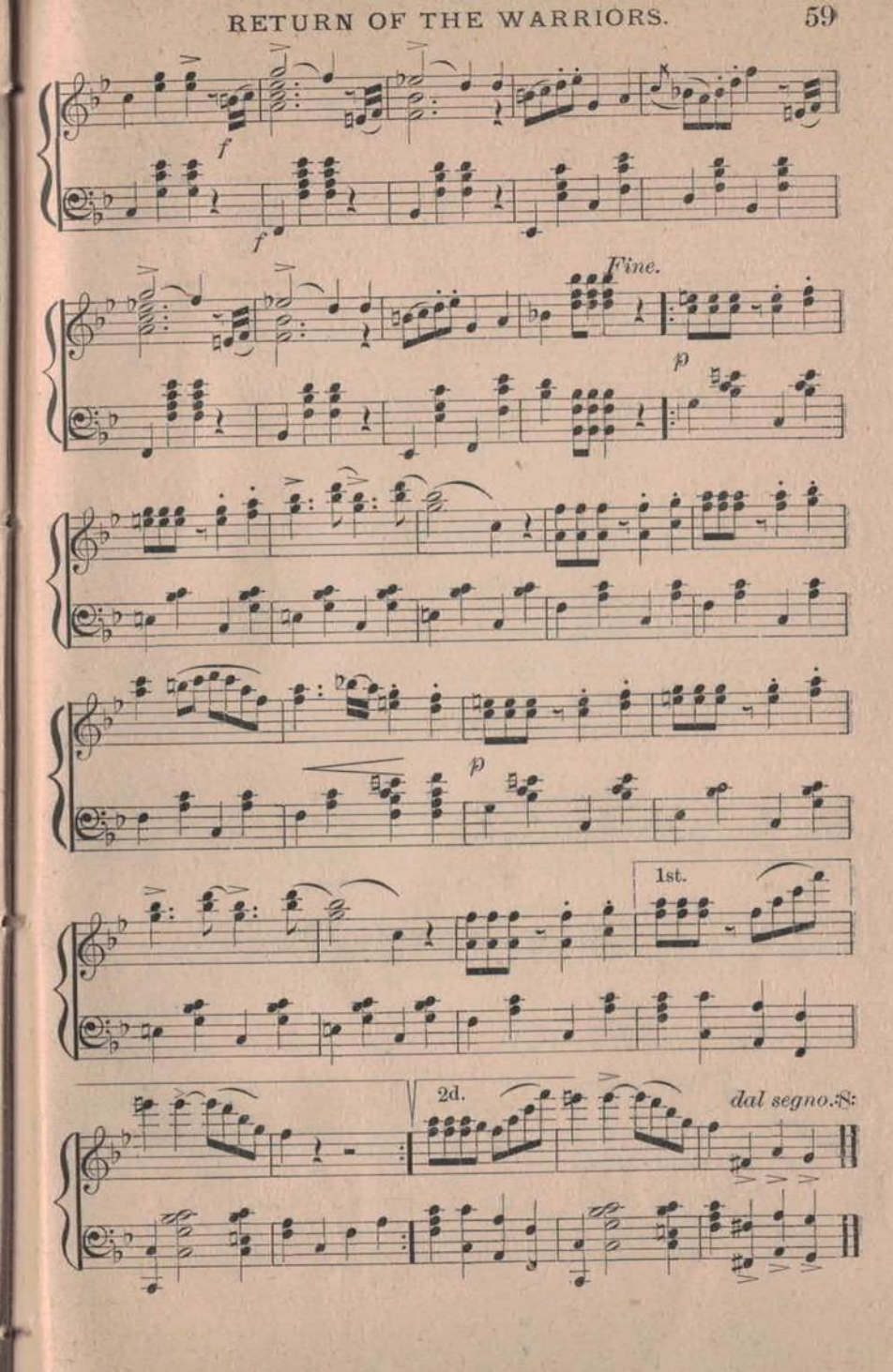


RETURN OF THE WARRIORS.

FR. von SUPPE.




f
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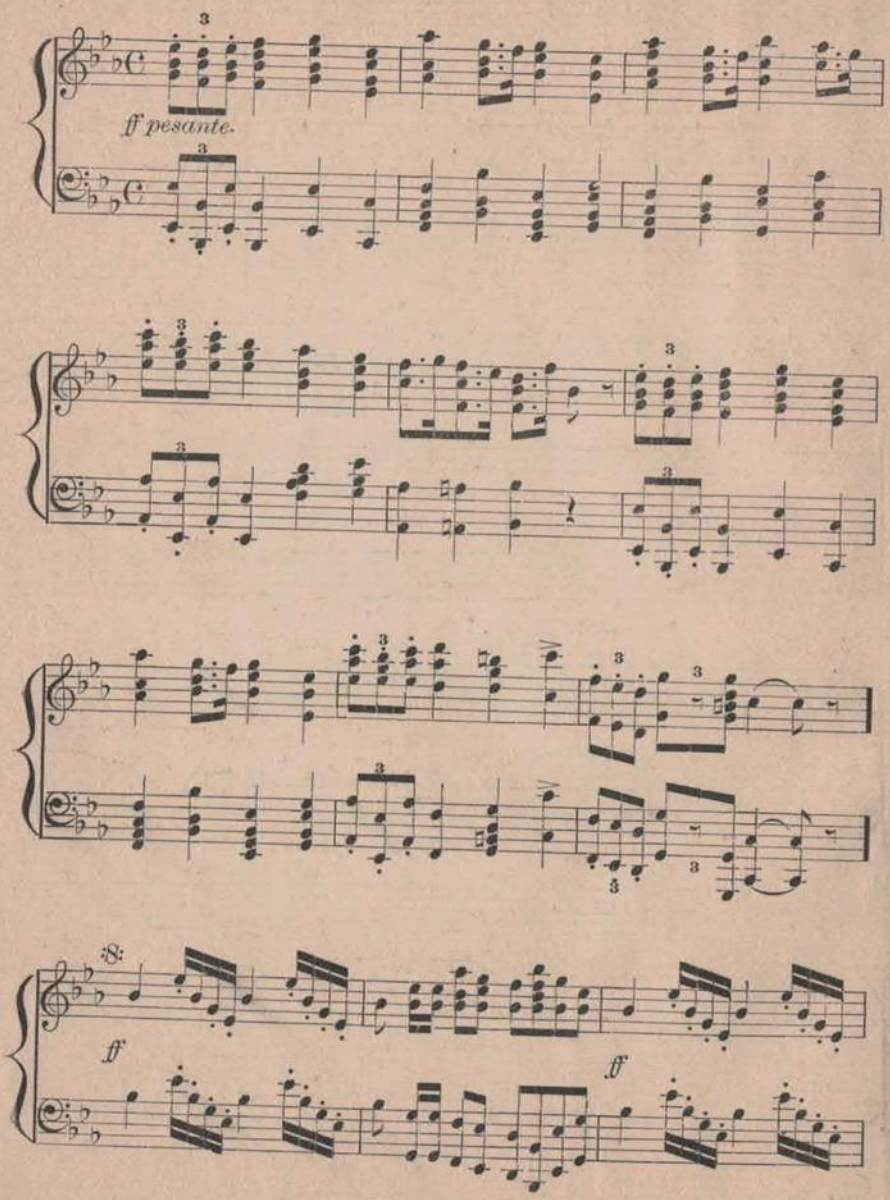
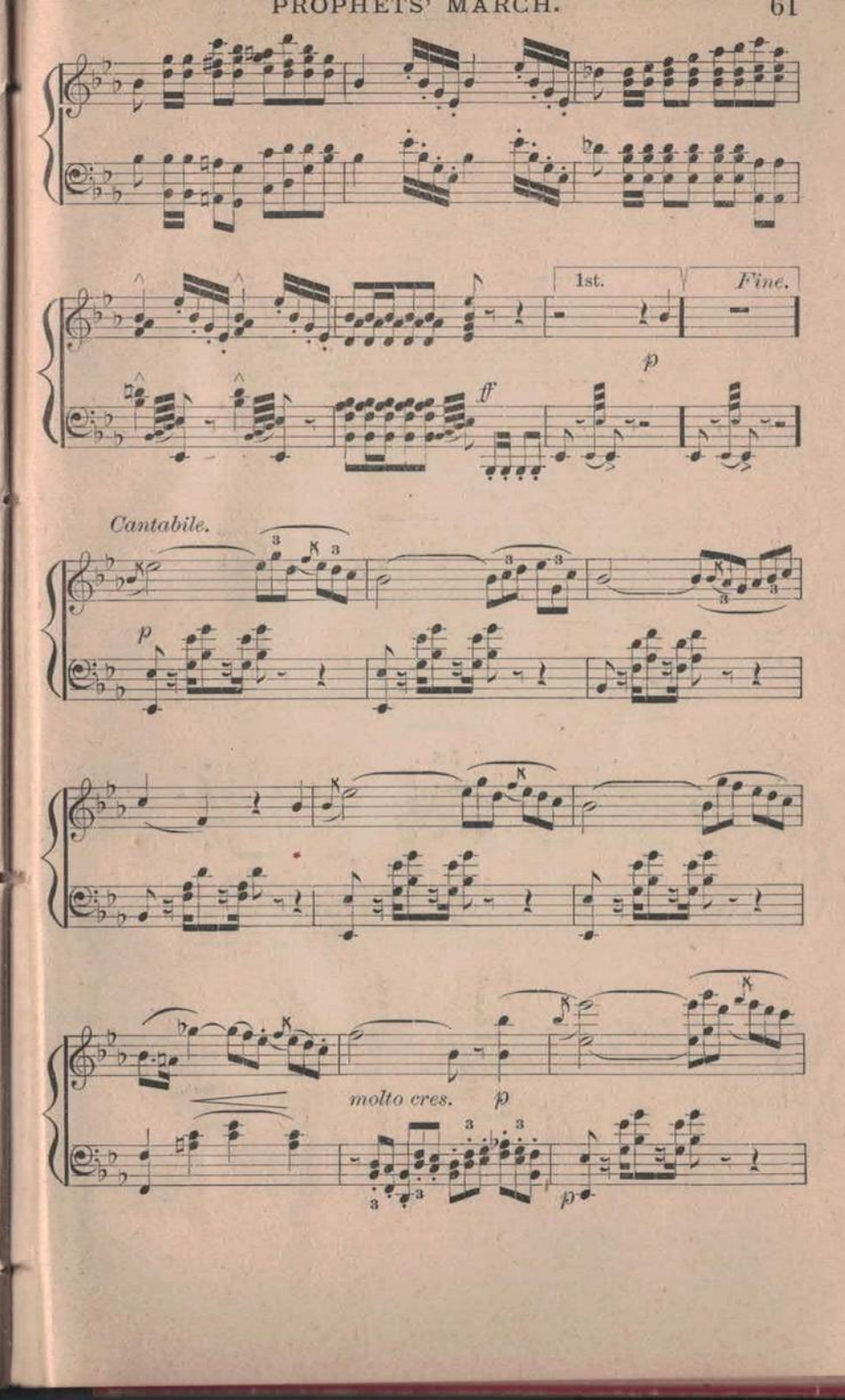
dal segno.

PROPHETS' MARCH.

G. MEYERBEER.




1st.
Fine.
p
ff
Cantabile.
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molto cres.
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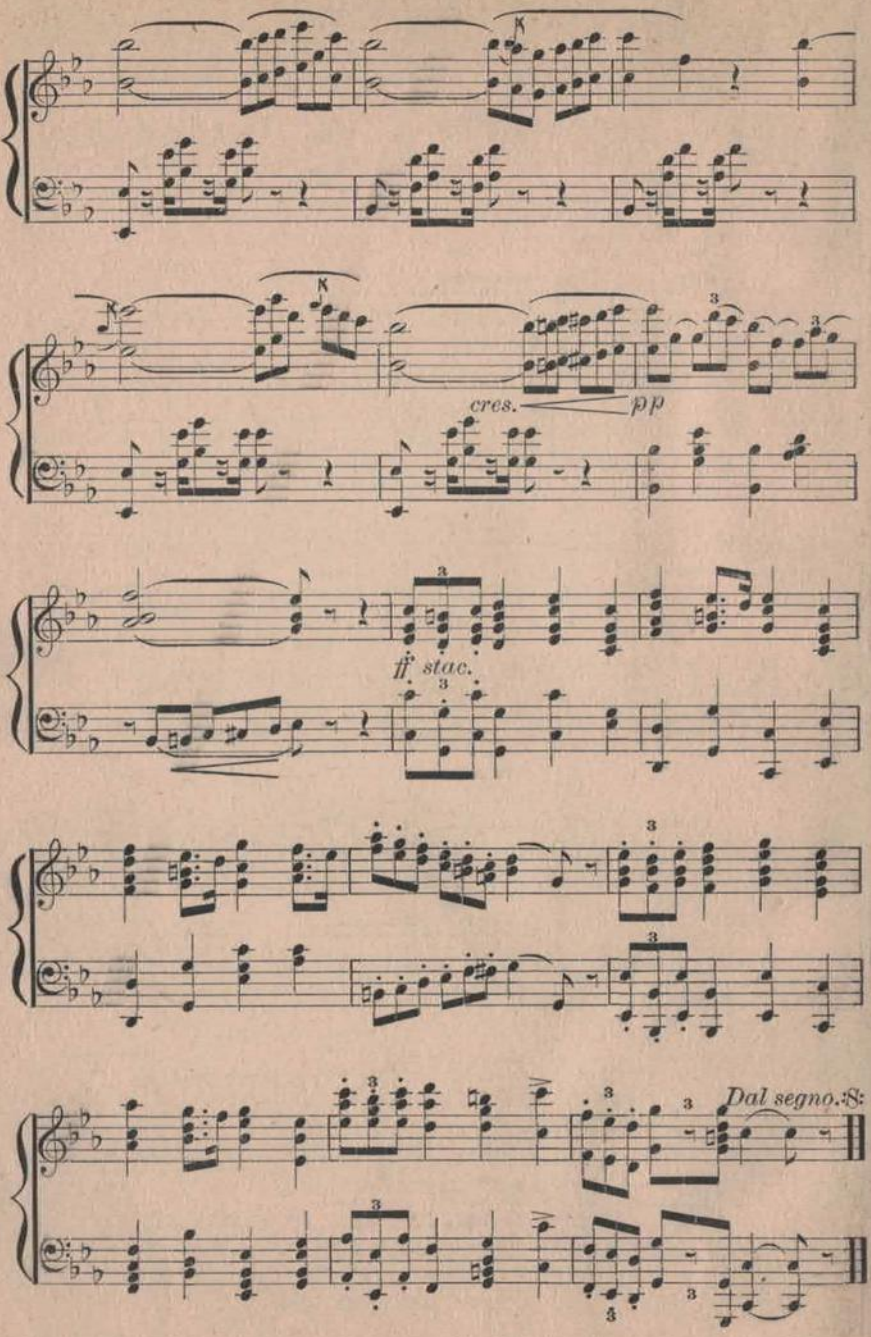
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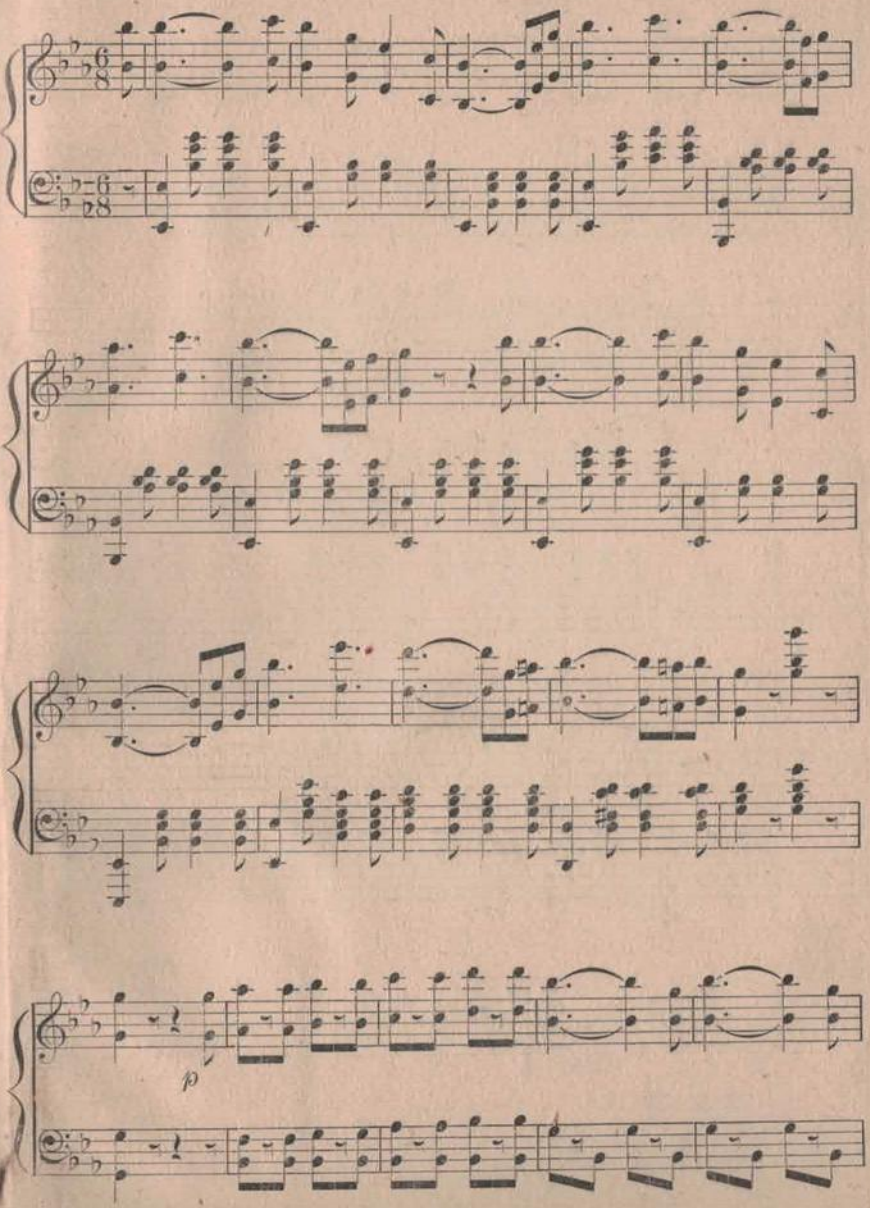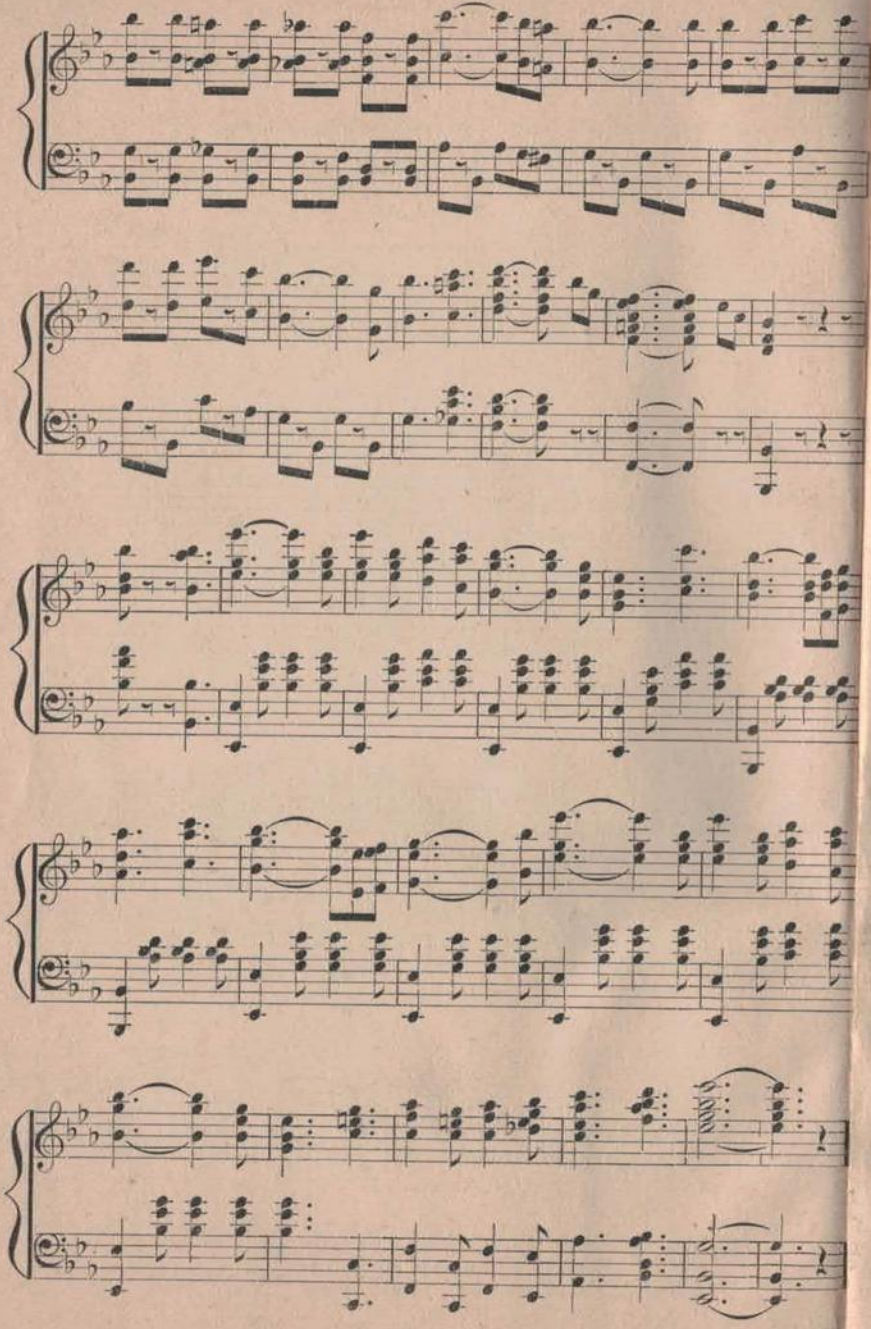
"Nancy Lee."